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2  
If you know not me,  
You know no body.

*That* THE SECOND PART. *Heaven*

VVith the building of the Royall Exchange.

AND

The famous Victory of Queene Elizabeth: Anno 1588.



LONDON

Printed by NATHANIEL BUTLER. 1622

If you know not me,  
You know no body.

THE NEW YORK

Witching Building of the Royal Exchange.

A.D. 1700.

The House of Commons of Great Britain.



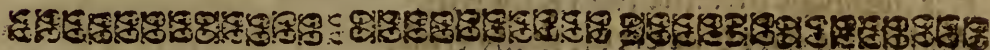




If you know not me,  
You know no body.

THE SECOND PART.

VVith the building of the Exchange.



Actus primus. Scoena prima.

*Enter one of Greshams Factors, and a Barbary Merchant.*

*Factor.*



Y Master, sir, requests your company,  
About confirming certaine coucnants,  
Touching your last nights conference.

*Merchant.* The Sugars.

Beleeue me, to his credite be it spoke,  
He is a man of heedfull prouidence,  
And one that by innatiue courtesie, (offence  
Winnes loue from strangers, be it without  
How are his present fortunes reckoned?

*Fact.* Neyther to flatter, nor detract from him,  
He is a Merchant of good estimate,  
Care how to get, and fore-cast to encrease  
(If so they be accounted) be his faults.

*Mer.* They are speciall vertues, being cleare  
From avarice and base extortion.  
But here he comes. Good day to M. Gresham.  
You keepe your word.

*Gresh.* Else should I ill deserue

*If you know not me,*

The title that I weare, a Merchants tongue  
Should not strike false.

*Mer.* What thinke you of my proffer,  
Touching the Sugar?

*Gres.* I bethough my selfe  
Both of the gaine and losses incident,  
And this I take't was the whole circumstance,  
It was my motion, and I thinke your promise,  
To get me a seal'd Patent from your King,  
For all your *Barbary* Sugars at a price,  
During the Kings life: and for his Princely loue,  
I am to send him threescore thousand pounds.

*Mer.* 'Twas so condition'd, and to that effect  
His highnesse promise is already past,  
And if you dare giue credit to my trust,  
Send but your private Letters to your Factor,  
That deales for your affaires in *Barbary*,  
His Maiesty shall either seale your Patent,  
Or Ile returne the money to your Factor

*Gres.* As much as I desire; pray sit draw neere  
And taste a cup of wine whilst I consider  
And throughly I can such accidentall doubts.  
As may concerne a matter of such moment.

*Mer.* At your best leasure.

*Gres.* Ile resolve you straight.  
Bethinke thee *Gresham*, threescore thousand pounds  
A good round summe: let not the hope of gaine  
Draw thee to losse. I am to haue a Patent  
For all the *Barbary* Sugars at a rate,  
The gaine cleeres halfe in halfe, but then the hazard;  
My terme continues during the Kings life,  
The King may dye before my first returne,  
Then where's my Cash? why, so the King may liue  
These 40. yeares, then where is *Greshams* gaine?  
It stands in this as in all ventures else  
Doubtfull; no more, Ile through what ere it cost,  
So much cleere gaine, or so much coyne cleere lost.  
Within there ho,





# you know no body.

*Enter Iohn Gresham, 2. or 3. Factors.*

*Fact.* At hand sir, did you call?

*Gres.* How thrives our Cash? what, is it well encreast?  
I speake like one that must be forc't to borrow.

*1. Fact.* Your worship's merry.

*Gres.* Merry, tell me knave,  
Dost thou not thinke that threescore thousand pounds  
Would make an honest Merchant try his friends?

*Meaning  
his Cash.*

*Fact.* Yes by my faith sir, but you haue a friend  
Would not see you stand out for twice the summe.

*Gres.* Praise God for all, but what's the common rumour  
Touching my bargaine with the King of *Barbary*?

*1. Fact.* 'Tis held your credit, and your Countries honour,  
That being but a Merchant of the City,  
And taken in a manner vnprouided,  
You should vpon a meere presumption  
And naked promise, part with so much Cash,  
Which the best Merchants both in *Spaine* and *France*,  
Denied to venture on.

*Gres.* Good: but withall,  
What doe they thinke in generall of the Bargaine?

*1. Fact.* That if the King confirme and seale your Patent,  
*London* will yeeld you partners enow.

*Gres.* I thinke no lesse: Goe fit you for the Sea,  
I meane to send you into *Barbary*,  
You into *Venice*, you to *Portingall*,  
Prouide you presently: where much is spent,  
Some must be got, thrift should be prouident.  
Come hither Cosin, all the rest depart.

*Exeunt Factors.*

*Iohn.* I had as good depart too, for hee'll ring a peale in mine  
'Twill sound worse then a passing Bell.

*(care,*

*Gres.* I haue tane note of your bad husbandry,  
Carelesse respect, and prodigall expence,  
And out of my experience counsell you.

*Iohn.* And I hope good Vncle, you thinke I am as ready to take  
good counsell, as you to giue it, and I doubt not, but to cleere  
my selfe of all objections that foule-mouthed enuy shall intimate  
against me.

*If you know not me,*

*Gref.* How can you satisfie the great complaint  
Preferr'd against you by old *Mistris Blunt*,  
A woman of approued honesty.

*John.* That's true, her honesty hath beene prooued oftner  
then once or twice: but doe you know her Vncle? are you in-  
ward with her course of life, shee's a common midwife for  
trade false virginity, there are more maiden-heads charged and  
discharged in her house in a yeare, then peeces at the Artillery-  
yard.

*Gref.* Shee brings in further prooffe that you miscall'd her.

*John.* I neuer call'd her out of her name, by this hand, Vncle,  
to my remembrance.

*Gref.* No? she sayes you call'd her Bawde.

*John.* True; and I haue knowne her answere to't a thousand  
times: tut Vncle, 'tis her name, and I know who gaue it her too,  
by the same token her Godfather gaue her a bowd' augell, stan-  
ding at the doore, which she hath kept time out of mind.

*Gref.* *Antonio* reports you loue his wife.

*John.* Loue, why alas Vncle, I hold it a parcell of my duty to  
loue my neighbours, and should I hate his wife, no man would  
hold me a fit member for a Common-wealth.

*Gref.* He hates you for't.

*John.* Why, alas Vncle, that's not my fault, I'll loue him nere-  
thelesse, you know we are commanded to loue our enemies, and  
though he would see me hang'd, yet will I loue his wife.

*Gref.* He told me you bestowed a gowne of a strumpet.

*John.* Why, alas Vncle, the poore whore went naked, and you  
know the Text commands vs to cloath the naked, and deeds of  
mercy be imputed vnto vs for faults, God helpe the elect.

*Gref.* Well, if your prodigall expences be aim'd  
At any vertuous and religious end,  
Tis the more tolerable, and I am proud  
You can so probably excuse your selfe.

*John.* Well Vncle, to approue my words, as indeed good  
words without deeds, are like your greene Figge-tree without  
fruite; I haue sworne my selfe to more conformable and strict  
course of life.

*Gref.* Well Cosin, hoping you'll proue a new man.



*you know no body.*

*John.* A new man, what else Vncle? I'll be a new man from the top to the toe, or I'll want of my will. In stead of Tennis-Court, my morning exercise shall be at Saint *Antlins*: I'll leaue Ordinaries, and to the end I may forswear Dicing and Drabbing, keepe me more short Vncle, onely allow mee good apparell, good ragges I'll stand to, are better then seuen yeares prentiship, for they'll make a man free of any, nay of all Companies, without Indenture, Fathers copy, or any helpe whatsoever, but I see my error, wilde youth must be bridled, keepe me short good Vncle.

*Gres.* On these presumptions I'll apparell thee.  
And to confirme this resolution,  
I will preferre you vnto Master *Hobson*,  
A man of a well knowne discretion.

*John.* Any thing good Vncle, I haue seru'd my prentiship already, but binde me againe and I shall be content, and 'tis but reason neither; send me to the Conduit with the water-tankard, I'll beat Linnen-Buckles, or any thing to redceme my negligence.

*Gres.* Your education challenges more respect.  
The Factor dealt for him in *France* is dead.

*John.* And you intend to send me in his roome.

*Gres.* I doe indeed.

*John.* It is well done Vncle, and 'twill not be amisse in policy to doeso: the onely way to curbe a dissolute youth, as I am, is to send him from his acquaintance, & therefore send me far enough good Vncle, send mee into *France* and spare not, and if that reclaime me not, giue me o're as past all goodnesse.

*Gres.* Now as I liue, my thoughts were much against him,  
And my intent was to haue chid him roundly.

But his submissiue recantation

Hath made me friends with him. Come follow me,

I'll doe thee good, and that immediately.

*Exit.*

*John.* Thanke you good Vncle, you'll send me into *France*, all *Forboone*: and I doe not shew you the right trick of a Cosin afore I leaue *England*, I'll giue you leaue to call me Cut, and cozen me of my patrimony, as you haue done.

*Exit.*

*Enter Hobsons Prentises, and a boy.*

1. *Prent.* Prethee fellow Goodman set forth the ware, and  
looke

*If you know not me,*

looke to the shop a little, I'll but drinke a cup of Wine with a Customer at the Rose and Crowne in the *Poultry*, and come againe presently.

2. *Prent.* I must needs step to the Dagger in *Cheape*, to send a Letter into the Country vnto my Father, stand by, you are the youngest Prentise, looke you to the shop.

*Enter Hobson.*

*Hob.* Where be these varlets, bones a me, at *Tauerne*?

Knaues, villaines, spend goods, why my Customers Must either serue themselves, or packe vs in the d.

Now they peepe like Italian pantalownes

Behind an arras, but I'll start you knaues,

I haue a shooing-horne to draw on your liquor,

What say you to a peece of a salt Eele?

Come forth you hang-dogs, bones a me, the knaues

Fleere in my face, they know me too well,

I talke and prate, and lay't not on their iackes,

And the proud Iacks care not a figge for mee:

But bones a me, Ile turne another leafe.

Where haue you beene sir?

1. *Prent.* An honest Customer Requested me to drinke a pint of Wine.

*Hob.* Bones a me, must your crimson throat

Be scowr'd with wine? your Master's glad of beere:

But you'l dye banquerouts, knaues & banquerouts all,

And where haue you beene?

2. *Prent.* At breakfast with a Dagger-pie sir,

*Hob.* A Dagger-pye! vds daggers death, these knaues

Set cocke a hope, but *Hobson* payes for all.

But bones a me, knaues either mend your manners,

Leaue Ale-houses, *Tauerne*s, and the tipling mates,

Your Punks and Cocatrices, or Ile clap yee

Close vp in Bridewell, bones a me, Ile do't.

2. *Prent.* Beseech you sir, pardon this first offence.

*Hob.* First, bones a me, why 'tis your common course,

And you must needs be gussing, goe by turnes,

One to the Ale-house, and two keepe the shop.

*Enter*



*you know no body.*

*Enter Pedler with Tanny-coate.*

2. *Pren.* It shall be done sir, how much ware would you haue?

*Ped.* Five pounds worth in such commodities  
As I bespoke last night.

1. *Pren.* They are ready sorted.

*Taw.* God blesse your Maister *Hobson.*

*Hob.* Bones-a-me, knaue, thou'rt welcome, what's the newes  
At bawdy *Barnewell*, and at *Sturbridge-fayre*?  
What, haue your *London* wenches any trading?

*Taw.* After the old sort sir, they visite the *Toule-booth*, and the  
*Bulring* still.

*Hob.* Good girles, they doe their kind: what, your pack's empty?  
Good newes, a signe you bring your purses full,  
And bones a me, full purses must be welcome:  
Sort out their wares, welcome's your due,  
Pay the old debt, and pen and inke for new.

*Taw.* We haue for you sir, as white as Beares teeth.

*Hob.* Bones a me, knaues you are welcome: but what newes?  
What newes i'th Countrey? what commodities  
Are most respected with your Country Girles

*Taw.* Faith sir, our Country Girles are a kinne to your *London*  
Courtiers, euery month sicke of a new fashion, the horning busks  
and filken bride-laces are in good request with the Parsons wife;  
your huge poking-sticke, and French Periwig, with Chamber-  
maids and waiting Gentlewomen; now your Puritanes poker is  
not so huge, but somewhat longer; a long slender poking-sticke  
is the all in all with your *Suffolke* Puritane; your silk-band, halfe  
farthingales, and changeable fore-parts are common, not a  
wench of thirteene but weares a changeable fore-part.

*Hob.* An ancient wearing: there's some changeable stuffe  
Has beene a weare with women time out of mind.

*Taw.* Besides sir, many of our young married men, haue tane  
an order to weare yellow garters, points, and shootyings, and 'tis  
thought yellow will grow a custome.

*Hob.* 'Tas beene vs'd long at *London.*

*Taw.* And 'tis thought 'twill come in request in the Countrey  
too, for a fashion, that three or foure young wenches haue pro-  
mised mee their husbands shall weare, or they'll misse of their

## *If you know not me,*

markes : then your maske, filke-lace, washt gloues, carnation girdles, and busk-point futable, as common as Coales from *New-castle*, you shall not haue a *Kitchin-maide* scrape trenchers without her washt gloues, a *Darie-wench* will not ride to market to sell her butter-milke, without her maske and her buske.

*Hob.* Still a good hearing, let the Countrey pay Well for their pride, 'tis gratis here at *London* : And that's the cause 'tis growne so generall : But feed their humours, and doe not spare, Bring Countrey money for our *London* ware.

*Enter Gresham, and John Gresham.*

*Gresh.* Where *M. Hobson* ? cry you mercy sir.

*Hob.* No harme good *M. Gresham*, pray draw neere. I'll but dispatch a few old customers, And bend a present eare to your discourse.

*Gresh.* At your best leisure.

*Hob.* My taske is done :

O *M. Gresham*, 'twas a golden world When we were boyes, and honest Countrey-yeomen, Such as our Fathers were, Heauen rest their soules, Would weare white Karsie : bones a me you knaues, Stooles for these Gentlemen : your Worship's welcome.

*Gresh.* You know my businesse ?

*Hob.* About your kinsman, He shall be welcome : beseech you Gentleman Lesse of your courtesie : when shall we see the youth ?

*Gresh.* Why this is he.

*Hob.* Which, bones a me, which ?

*Gresh.* Why this.

*Hob.* Which, where, what this young Gentleman ? Bones a me man, he's not for *Hobson's* turne, He lookes more like my Master then my seruant.

*Gresh.* I must confesse he is a Gentleman, And my neere kinsman : were he mine owne childe His seruice should be yours.

*Hob.* I thanke you for't, And for your sake Ple giue him entertainment : But Gentleman, if you become my man,



*you know no body.*

You must become more ciuill : bones a me,  
What a curld pate is here ? I must ha't off,  
You see my liuery, *Hobsons* men are knowne  
By their Freeze coats : and you will dwell with me,  
You must be plaine, and leaue off brauery.

*John.* I hope sir to put on such ciuill conformity, as you shall  
not repent my entertainment,

*Hob.* Pray Heauen it prooue so.

*Gres.* If he doerespect  
an Vncles loue, let him be diligent.

*Hob.* Well *M. Gresham*, partly for your loue,  
And chiefly to supply my present want,  
Because you say your kinsman is well seene  
Both in languages and factorship,  
I doe intend to send him into *France*,  
In trust both with my Merchandizes and Cash.

*John.* And if I take not order to cashier that and my selfe too,  
a pox of all French farthingales.

*Gresh.* How stand you minded to your Masters motion ?

*John.* Somewhat vnwilling to leaue my acquaintance, but  
good Vncle, I know you send me out of loue, and I hope 'twill  
be a meanes to call me home the sooner.

*Gresh.* Pray Heauen it may.

*John.* Ile want of my will else, Ile play a Merchants part with  
you, Ile take vp French commodities, veluet kirtles, and taffety  
fore-parts ; Ile ha that I goe for, or Ile make halfe the hot-houses  
in *Dcepe* smoake for this tricke.

*Hob.* What, are your Bookes made euen with your accompts ?

*1. Pren.* I compar'd our wares with our receipt,  
And find sir, ten pounds difference.

*Hob.* Bones a me knaue,  
Ten pounds in a morning : here's the fruite  
Of Dagger pyes, and Alehouse guslings :  
Make euen your recknings, or bones a me knaues,  
You shall all smart for't.

*2.* Harke you fellow *Goodman*,  
Who tooke the ten pounds of the Country chapman,  
That told my Master the new fashions ?

# If you know not me,

1. Fore mee not I.

3. Nor I.

*Hob.* Bones a me, knaues,  
I haue pay'd soundly for my Country newes.  
What was his name?

1. Now as I liue, I know not.

2. I neuer saw him in the shop till now.

*Hob.* Now bones a me, what carelesse knaues keepe I,  
Giue mee the booke, what habite did he weare?

1. As I remember me, a tawny coat.

*Hob.* Art sure? then fet him downe *John Tawny-coat*.

1. Ten pound in trust vnto *John Tawny-coat*.

*Hob.* Bones a me man, these knaues will begger mee.

*Gres.* Birlady sir, ten pounds is too much to lose,  
But ten times ten cannot shake your credit.

*Hob.* Thanke Heauen for all: when I came first to Towne  
It would haue shooke me shrewdly. But *M. Gresham*,  
How stands your difference with sir *Thomas Ramsfey*?  
Are you made friends yet?

*Gres.* He is so obstinate,  
That neither Iuries nor Commissions,  
Nor the intreaties of his nearest friends,  
Can stoope him vnto composition.

*Hob.* 'Tis passing strange: were *Hobson* in your coat,  
Ere I'de consume a penny amongst Lawyers,  
I'de giu't poore people, bones a me I would.

*Gres.* A good resolue: but sir *Thomas Ramsfies* minde  
Is of another temper; and ere *Gresham*  
Will giue away a title of his right,  
The Law shall begger me.

*Hob.* Bones a me, man, 'twill doe that quickly.

*Gres.* To preuent which course,  
The Lady *Ramsfey* hath by earnest suit,  
Procur'd the Reuerend Preacher Doctor *Nowell*,  
A man well reckoned for his graue respect,  
To compromise and end our difference,  
The place the *Lumbard*, ten of the clocke the houre  
Appointed for the hearing of our cause.



*you know no body.*

Shall I request your friendly company?

*Hob.* With all my heart, both company and purse:  
Bones a me, knaues, looke better to my shop:  
Men of our trade must weare good husbands eyes,  
Mongst many chapmen there are few that buyes.  
My leasure now your businesse attends,  
Time's won, not lost, that's spent to make men friends.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doctor Nowell, and my Lady Ramsie.*

*Lady.* Good Master Doctor *Nowel*, let your lous  
Now shew it selfe vnto me: such as they,  
Men of the chiefeest note within this City  
To be at such a jarre, doth make mee blush,  
Whom it doth scarce concerne: you are a good man,  
Take you the cause in hand, and make them friends,  
'Twill be a good dayes worke, if so it ends.

*D. Now.* My Lady *Ramsie*, I haue heard ere this,  
Of their contentions, their long suite in Law.  
How by good friends they haue bin perswaded both,  
Yet both but deafe to their perswasion.  
What can my word doe with such headstrong men?  
Breath blowne against the winde, returnes againe.

*Lady.* Although to Gentlemen and Citizens,  
They haue beene so rash, yet to so graue a man,  
Of whom none speake, but speake with reuerence,  
Whose words are gather'd in by euery eare,  
As flowers receiue the dew that comfort them,  
They will be more attentiu: pray take it in hand,  
'Tis a good deed, 'twill with your vertue stand.

*D. Now.* To be a make-peace doth become me wel,  
The charitable motion good in you,  
And in good sooth, 'twill make me wet mine eyes,  
To see them euen, haue beene so long at ods.  
And by my meanes, Ile doe the best I can,  
But heauen must blesse my words, for man's but man.

*Enter sir Thomas Ramsie.*

*Lady.* I thankeyou heartily, and by the houre I know,  
They will be presently here on the Lumbard,

*If you know not me,*

Whither I drew you for this intent:

And see, sir *Thomas* is come: pray breake with him.

*D. Now.* Good day to sir *Thomas Ramsie*.

*Ram.* M. Deane of *Pauls*, as much to you.

'Tis strange to see you here in *Lumber Street*,

This place of trafficke whereon Merchants meet.

*D. Now.* 'Tis not my custome. But sir *Thomas*.

*Enter M. Gresham, and old Hobson.*

*Hob.* Come, come.

Now body-a-me, I sweare not euery day,

You are too-too much to blame: two Citizens,

Such as your selfe, and sir *Thomas Ramsie* are,

To beate your selues in Law fixe or seuen yeere,

Make Lawyers, Turneyes Clarkes, and knaues to spend

Your money in a brabling Controuersie,

Euen like two foöles. See where the other is

With our Deane of *Pauls*, ne'er better met,

Wetwo as vmpiers will conclude a strife

Before the clocke striketwelue, that now is eleuen,

Lawyers this full seauen yeares haue brabled in,

And with a Cup or two of merry go-downe,

Makethem shake hands. Is't not well said M. Deane?

*D. Now.* And I could wish it as well done, M. *Hobson*:

*Gresh.* Ile haue you both know, though you are my friends,  
If corne my cause should stoope or yeeld to him,  
Although he be reputed *Ramsie the rich*.

*Rams.* And *Gresham* shall perceiue that *Ramsies* purse  
Shall make him spend the wealth of *Osterley*,

But he shall know. *Gresh.* What shall I know?

*Rams.* That *Ramsie* is as good a man as *Gresham*,

*Gresh.* And *Gresham* is as good a man as *Ramsie*.

*Rams.* Tut, tut, tut. *Gresh.* Tut in thy teeth although thou art

*Hob.* Bones-a-me, you are both to blame: (a Knight.

We two like friends come to conclude our strife,

And you like fish-wiues fall a scolding here. (friends?

*D. Now.* How stands the difference twixt you my good

*Lady.* The impatience both of the one and other

Will



## you know no body.

Will not permit to heare each other speake :

I'll tell the cause for both, and thus it is ;

There is a Lordship called *Osterley*,

That *M. Gresham* hath both bought and built vpon.

*Gresh.* And 'tisa goodly Manour; *M. Deane*.

*Lady.* Which *Osterley* before he dealt therein,

*Sir Thomas* my husband here did thinke to buy,

And had giuen earnest for it.

*Ram.* Then *Gresham* here, deales with the Land-seller,

And buyes my bargaine most dishonestly.

*Gresh.* Heauen for thy mercy, touch mine honesty,

Away with comprimise, with taking vp,

The Law shall try my cause and honesty.

*Ram.* 'Twill proue no better then it should *Gresham*.

*Gresh.* 'Twill proue as good as *Ramsies*, *Ramsie*.

*Ram.* Doe not I know thy rising?

*Gresh.* I, and I know thine.

*Ram.* Why mine was honestly.

*Gresh.* And so was mine.

*Hob.* Heyday, bones a me,

Was't euer seene two men to scold before?

Here's I know thy rising, and I know thine,

When as Heauens blessing hath rais'd them both.

Am I worse, because in *Edwards* dayes,

When Popery went downe, I did ingrosse

Most of the Beads that were within the Kingdome,

That when *Queene Mary* had renewed that Church,

They that would pray on beads were forc'd to me?

I made them stretch their purse-strings, grew rich thereby,

Beads were to me a good commodity.

*Gresh.* No matter for your beads, my right's my right.

*Ram.* Yet *Gresham* shall well know he hath done me wrong.

*Gresh.* There's Law enough to right you, take your course.

*D. Now.* Reason being made mans guide, why is't that force

And violent passions doe sweepe the soule

Into such head-long mischiefes : 'tis onely this,

Reason would rule, Nature a rebell is.

You know the fire of your contention,

Hath

*If you know not me,*

Hath onely cherishing and is maintain'd  
From vile affections, whose strength's but thus,  
As fouldry heate doth make vs shun the fire,  
An extreame cold doth alter that desire :

All things that haue beginnings haue their ends ;  
Your hate must haue conclusion, then be friends,

*Hob.* Friends, M. Doctor *Nowel*, looke you here,  
Here's M. *Greshams* hand.

*Lady.* I'll bring the other.

*Hob.* This seuen yeare they haue beene in Law together,  
How much such men as they in seuen yeares spend,  
Lawyers may laugh at, but let wise men iudge.

*Gresh.* Friend *Hobson*,

*Ramsf.* Wife, *Lady*.

*Hob.* Bones a me, Ile hold you fast,  
I will not haue a couple of such men  
Make cackling Lawyers rich, and themselues fooles,  
And for a trifling cause. As I am old *Hobson*.

*Gresh.* Sir *Thomas Ramsf.*

*Ramsf.* Master *Gresham*.

*Hob.* Body of me, both shall be school'd. M. D. *Nowell*,  
You know the cause, that this contention  
Is onely that he bought a peece of land  
This had giuen earnest for : all *Adams* earth,  
And *Adams* earth is free for *Adams* sonnes.  
And 'tis a shame men should contend for it.  
What ere you speake shall for a sentence stand,  
And being spoke, they shall shake hand in hand.

*D. Now.* If I must then decide the difference,  
Thus it shall be : because that Sir *Thomas Ramsf.*  
Had earnest giuen before you bought the Land,  
Though you were not acquainted with so much,  
I doe award he haue an hundred pounds  
Towards his charges. And for that you  
Haue both paid for the Land, and built vpon it,  
It shall continue yours. The money you haue spent,  
Eyther account it lost, or badly lent.

*Gresh.* Sprecious, I haue spend five hundred pound.

*Ramsf.*



*you know no body.*

*Ramsf.* And so haue I.

*Hob.* No matter.

The iudgement stands, onely this verdict too,  
Had you before the Law fore-seene the losse,  
You had not now come home by weeping crosse:  
Strifes may as well haue end twixt honest men,  
Lawyers set fooles to Law, then laugh at them.

*Gresh.* Indeed 'tis true: and now I thinke vpon it,  
We might at first haue ended it by friends,  
And made our selues merry with the money.  
But being done, 'tis done: then sir *Thomas Ramsf.*  
Let's leaue both losers, 'tis but a thousand pound,  
And if you be as well content as I,  
Here wee'll shake hands, and let our anger dye.

*Hob.* Shake hands, by the marry-masse, sir *Thomas* what else.

*Ramsf.* You shew your selues our friends, to make vs friends,  
Then in good sooth Ile not be obstinate.

*Lady.* Nay M. Doctor *Nowell*, ioyne their hands,  
I know the reuerent regard of you  
Hath temper'd both their hearts.

*Gresh.* Madam 'tis true, I thinke to any but so good a man  
We should haue both beene head-strong. But come.

*D. Now.* With all my heart. Long may you liue together  
As friend should be to friend, brother to brother.

*Gresh.* Amen, amen, sir *Thomas*,

*Ramsf.* Amen, amen, Master *Gresham*.

*Hob.* Amen, amen to you both.

And is not this better then euery Tearme  
To trot after Lawyers?

*Gresh.* Good sooth 'tis true if we could thinke it so,  
But 'tis mans nature, he desires his woe.

Now passion-a-me sir *Thomas*, a cruell storme,  
And we stay long we shall be wet to'th skinne.  
I do not lik't, nay it angers me

That such a famous City as this is,  
Wherein so many gallant Merchants are,  
Haue not a place to meete in, but in this,  
Where euery showre of raine must trouble them.

*A storme.*

*If you know not me,*

I cannot tell, but if I liue : let's step to the Popes-head,  
Wee shall be dropping dry if we stay here.  
Ile haue a Mansion built, and such a rooſe,  
That Merchants and their wiues, friend, and their friends,  
Shall walke vnderneath it as now in *Powles*.  
What day of the Month is this?

*Hob.* Day, M. *Gresham*, let mee see :  
I tooke a fellowes word for twenty pound  
The tenth of *March*, the tenth of *March*.

*Gresh.* The tenth of *March*, well if I liue,  
Ile raise a worke shall make our Merchants say,  
'Twas a good shouere that fell vpon that day. How now *Iacke*?  
*Enter Iohn Gresham.*

*Iohn.* Sir, my M. here hauing preferd me to be his Factor into  
I am come to take my leaue of you. (*France,*

*Gresh.* I thanke him for his care of thee : M. *Hobson*,  
My kinsman's come to take his leaue of me,  
He tels me you are sending him for *France*.

*Hob.* Bones a me knaue, art there yet ?  
I thought thou hadst beene there by this.

*Iohn.* I did but stay to take my leaue of my Vncle.

*Gresh.* O M. *Hobson*, he comes in a very good time,  
I was be thinking me whom I should send  
To fetch this hundred pound I am set to pay  
To sir *Thomas Ramsey* : nay, as we are friends,  
We'll haue all couenants kept before we part.

*Iohn.* Heauen grant that I may see it.

*Gresh.* Here *Iohn*, take this seal'd Ring,  
Bid *Timothy* presently send me a hundred pound. *Iohn.* I sir.

*Gresh.* I am sure he hath it ready told for thee,  
We'll stay here on the *Lumbarde* till thou com'st.

*Iohn.* Yes sir.

*D. Now.* Nay stay good *Iohn* thou knowst my dwelling *Iohn*?

*Iobb.* In *Powles* Church-yard sir.

*D. Now.* The hundred pound thou art sent for, bring it thither,

*Iohn.* Yes marry will I sir. *Exit*

*D. Now.* And my good friends, since that so long a strife  
Hath end by my perswasion, Ile entreat,



*you know no body.*

My house may entertaine you for this time.  
Where with such necessities we'll passe the time,  
As Heauen shall best be pleased, and you contented :  
I keepe no riot, and you looke for none,  
Onely my table is for euery one.

*Gresh.* A cup of Sacke and welcome, M. Deane,  
Nature is best contented with a meane.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Timothy, and Iohn Gresham.*

*Iohn.* As I told you *Timothy*,  
You must send my Vncle a hundred pound :  
He dines at Doctor *Nowels*, and gaue me in charge  
To haste with the money after him.

*Tim.* You come to me *Iohn* for a hundred pound, I thanke  
my spirituall maker, I haue the charge of many hundreds of his  
now *Iohn* : I hope *Iohn* you feare what you ought to feare.

*Iohn.* Feare ? Sfoot what else, I feare.

*Tim.* I must tell you *Iohn*, and I know it, you haue not fed of  
the spirituall food, but edified and suffered the tares of the wilde  
affections to be burnt.

*Iohn.* Foot thou wouldst not haue me make my selfe a French  
Martyr, to be barnt at these yeares, wouldst thou ?

*Tim.* I haue knowne them *Iohn* of our Church, haue beene  
burnt for other sinnes before thy yeares.

*Iohn.* I by my faith *Timothy* it may be you haue, for as close as  
you carry your teeth together, with indeed good brother, I doe  
not thinke but once in a yeare a man might finde you quartered  
betwixt the mouth at Bishops-gate, and the preaching place in  
the Spittle.

*Tim.* Now you talke of the Spittle, I must say in very deed I  
haue beene in the Spittle.

*Iohn.* It is the more like *Timothy* you haue beene acquainted  
with the pox then.

*Tim.* But if you should thinke *Iohn*, that I would be there to  
commit, deale, or to speake more prophanely, to venture in the  
way of all flesh, you doe wrong me being a brother of the faith.

*Iohn.* Come right your selfe and your Master then, and send  
him this one hundred pound, here's his seal'd Ring, I hope a  
warrant sufficient.

## *If you know not me,*

*Tim.* Vpon so good security *Iohn*, Ile fit me to deliuer it. *Exit.*

*Iohn.* Spend it, Heauen send me but once to finger it, and if I doe not make a Flanders reckoning on't, and that is, as I haue heard mad waggessay, receiue it here, and reuell it away in another place, let me bespit out of the roome of good fellowship, and neuer haue so much fauour as to touch the skirt of a Tassate petticote.

Tut I am young, and mine Vncle's on old chuffe,  
And Ile not want yfaith, since he hath enough.

I must not let this same Wainscote face, yea, and nay, heare me though,

*Enter Timothy.*

*Tim.* Here *Iohn*, accept my duety to my Master, I must tell you *Iohn*, I would not haue trusted you *Iohn*, without so sufficient a discharge.

*Iohn.* I am the lesse beholding vnto you, but now I haue it, because you preacht to me vpon my demand of it, Ile be so bold to lecture vnto you vpon your deliery. *Timothy* you know the Pro-uerbe good *Timothy*, *That the Still Sow eates all the drasse:* and no question the smoothen tongu'd fellow, the more arrant knaue: Heauen forbid I should call you so *Timothy*, yet I will leaue this for your further remembrance:

*Vnder the yea and nay, men often buy  
Much cozenage, finde many a lye:  
He that with yea & nay makes all his sayings,  
Yet proues a Iudas often in his payings,  
Shall haue this written o're his grane,  
Thy life seem'd pure, yet did a knaue.*

*Timothy.* Doe you heare *Iohn*, you know the chapmans word in London, *Ile trust you, but no further then I see you:* you haue the hundred pound *Iohn*, but for that you haue wrong'd vs, that loue to be edified, I will goe with you to my Master, and see the money deliuered.

*Iohn.* Why, a trusted me to come with it.

*Tim.* I care not by yea and nay, Ile goe by yea, and nay, I will.

*Iohn.* Let me but aske thee this question, Whether doest thou goe in any loue to thy Master, or to me?

*Tim.*



*you know no body.*

*Tim.* Though my Master be my master, yet you haue stirr'd my stomacke.

*John.* I thought there was the fruite of your Puritane patience, come let's along, and I doe not shew your religion a tricke - shall scarce be digested with pepins or cheese, let mee be called Cut. Come along.

*Exit.*

*Enter Honesty the Sergeant, and Quicke.*

*Hon.* Fellow *Quicke*, pray thee haue a care if thou canst see *John* the Vpholster, I must needs arrest him.

*Quick.* How much is the debt?

*Honest.* Some fifty pound.

*Quic.* Dost thou thinke he is able to put in bayle to the action?

*Honest.* I thinke scarce enough.

*Quick.* Why then we'll arrest him to the Popes-head, call for the best cheere in the house, first feed vpon him, and then if hee will not come off, carry him to the Compter; but if hee will stretch some 4. or 5. pound, being the sum is so great, hee shall passe, we'll make him sweare he shall not tell he was arrested, and we'll sweare to the creditor we cannot meet with him.

*Honest.* Thou sayest well.

*Quick.* I haue serued *Sent* the Perfumer, *Tallow* the Currier, *Quarrell* the Glaier, and some three or foure more of our poore smelts so this morning.

*Enter John.*

*John.* I haue courst through two or three Lanes, yet the mi-ching slaue followes me so close I cannot giue him the slip for this hundred pound: now 'tis in my hand I'de rather be hang'd then part from it: Foot, 'twill make a man merry halfe a yeare together in *France*, command wenches or any thing: part from it quoth you, that were a iest indeed: shall a young man as I am, and though I say it, indifferent proper, goe into a strange Country, and not shew himselfe what mettall he is made of when a comes there? I protest a very good hundred pound, a hundred pound will goe farre in *France*, and when a man hath it not of his owne, who should he make bold withall for it, if hee may not with his Vncle: but see if that thinn fac'd rogue be not come againe, I must haue a tricke for him.

*Enter Tim.*

*Tim.* For all your fore-long too and fro, by yea and nay, Ile follow you.

*If you know not me,*

*John.* Will you, there should be Sergeants hereabouts, will you: Lord if it be thy will send me to hit of one, and if I doe not shew you a tricke. Thou shouldst be a Sergeant by thy peering so.

*Honest.* Why M. *John* so I am. (thy name?)

*John.* Thou art happily met: I am looking for one, what's

*Hon.* My name M. *John*, I haue beene merry at your Vncles many a time, my name's *Honesty*.

*John.* Ifaith. (his yeoman.)

*Quick.* Nay Ile assure you his name is *Honesty*, and I am *Quick*

*John.* *Honesty*! Who the pox gaue thee that name?

But thou must doe an office for mine Vncle:

Here *Quick*, run thou before and enter the action,

There's money, an action of an hundred pound

Against *Timothy Thin-beard*, M. *Greshams* Factor.

I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

*Quick.* An action against *Thin-beard*, I goe. *Exit.*

*John.* Here *Honesty*, here's money for thy arrest,  
Be sure to take good bayle, or clap him fast.

I hope I shall shew you a tricke.

*Honest.* Mum for that.

*John.* See where he is, good lucke I hope.

Fasten vpon him like a hungry dog vpon a piece of meate:

And if this be not a tricke to catch afoole,

A more knaue learne me, and Ile goe to schoole.

*Honest.* I arrest you sir,

*Tim.* Arrest me, thou seruant to Satan, at whose suite?

*Honest.* At your Masters, M. *Greshams*.

*Tim.* Heauen for thy mercy, M. *John*, M. *John*.

*John.* Nay, nay, this 100. pound hath other worke in hand for me, you are in the diuels hands, and so agree. *Exit.*

*Tim.* My good friend, now what must become of me?

*Honest.* Vnlesse we shall to the Tauerne, and drinke till you can send for baile, you must to the Compter.

*Tim.* Is there no difference made betwixt the faithfull and the vnfaithfull?

*Hon.* Faith very little in paying of debts: but if you be so holy, I maruell how you ran so far behind hand with your Master.

*Tim.* I must confesse I owe my Master 500. pound. How I came



*you know no body.*

came so, it is not fit to lay the sins of our flesh open to euery eye, and you know the saying, *Tis bad to doe euill, but worse to boast of it*: yet he aboute knowes that sometimes as soone as I haue come from Bow-church, I haue gone to a Bawdy-house.

*Honest.* Nay it appeares so, that now your Master hath smelt out your knauery.

*Tim.* Not to commit in very deed good friend, but onely to see fashions, or to recreate & stir vp our drowisie appetites. *Ent. Qu.*

*Honest.* Well, here comes my fellow *Quicke*, and vnlesse you will content vs for staying, you must along to the Compter.

*Tim.* I hope you thinke *The labourer is worthy of his hire*, wee will stay here at the Tauerne, and *Quicke* I will content thee, to carry a Letter to my Master, wherein I will make him a restitution of his 500. pound by repentance, and shew him the way that my frayle nature hath run into.

*Honest.* Well, wee'll be paid by the houre.

*Tim.* It will not beamisse if you buy an houre-glasse. *Exeunt.*

*Enter D. Nowel, Gresham sir Thomas Ramsie, Hobson, Lady Ramsie.*

*Gresh.* Come M. D. Nowell, now we haue done Our worst to your good cheere, wee'd faine be gone, Onely we stay my kinsman's long returne, To pay this hundred pound to sir Thomas Ramsie.

*D. Now.* Then assure you he will be here presently: In the meane time I haue drawne you to this walke, A Gallery, wherein I keepe the Pictures Of many charitable Citizens?

That hauing fully satisfied your bodies,

You may by them learne to refresh your soules.

*Gresh.* Are all these pictures of good Citizens?

*D. Now.* They are, and Ile describe to you some of their births How they bestow'd their liues, and did so liue, The fruits of this life might a better giue.

*Gresh.* You shall gaine more in shewing this to vs, Then you haue showne.

*Lady.* Good M. Deane, I pray you shew it vs. (Mayor,

*D. Now.* This was the picture of sir John Filpot sometimes This man at one time, at his owne charge, Leuied ten thousand souldiers, guarded the Realme

From

*If you know not me,*

From the incursions of our enemies:

And in the yeere a thousand three hundred and eighty,

When *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*, *Thomas Percy*, with other Noble  
Were sent to aide the Duke of *Britanny*, (men,

This sayd *Iohn Filpot* furnisht out foure ships

At his owne charges, and did release the armour

That the poore Souldiers had for victuals pawn'd.

This man did liue when *Walworth* was Lord Maior,

That prouident, valiant, and learned Citizen,

That both attach't and kild that Traytor *Tylor*,

For which good seruice, *Walworth* the Lord Maior,

This *Filpot* and foure other Aldermen,

Were Knighted in the field.

Thus did he liue, and yet before he dy'd

Assur'd reliefe for thirteene poore for euer.

*Gresh.* Now as I liue a worthy Citizen:

On good Master Deane.

Now. This sir *Richard Whittington*, three times Maior;

Sonne to a Knight, and Prentise to a Mercer,

Began the Library of *Gray-Friars* in *London*,

And his Executors after him did build

*Whittington* Colledge. thirteene Almes-houses for poore men,

Repair'd *S. Bartholomewes* in *Smithfield*,

Glased the Guild-hall, and built *Newgate*.

*Hob.* Bones a me, then I haue heard lies,

For I haue heard he was a Scullion,

And rais'd himselfe by ventüre of a Cat.

Now. They did the more wrong to the Gentleman.

This sir *Iohn Allen*, Mercer and Mayor of *London*,

A man so graue of life that he was made

A Priuy Counsellor to King *Henry* the eight:

He gaue this City a rich Coller of Gold,

That by the Maior succeeding should be worne:

Of which sir *William Laxton* was the first,

And is continued euen vnto this yeare,

A number more there are, of whose good deeds

This City flourisht.

*Gresh.* And wee may be ashamed,

For



*you know no body.*

For in their deeds we see our owne disgrace,  
We that are Citizens are as rich as they were.  
Behold their charity in euery streete,  
Churches for prayer, Almes-houses for the poore,  
Conduits which bring vs water; all which good  
We doe see, and are relieu'd withall,  
And yet we liue like beasts, spend time and dye,  
Leauing no good to be remembred by.

*Lady.* Among the Stories of these blessed men,  
So many that enrich your gallery,  
There are two womens Pictures: what were they?

*D. Now.* They are two that haue deseru'd a memory  
Worthy the note of our posterity:  
This *Agnes Foster*, wife to sir *A. Foster*,  
That freed from begging at the grate at Lud-gate,  
Was after Maior of this most famous City,  
And builded the South-side of Ludgate vp,  
Vpon which wall these verses I haue read.

*Deuoute soules that passe this way,  
For M. Foster late Maior honestly pray,  
And Agnes his wife to God consecrate.  
That of pittie this house made for Londoners in Lud-gate:  
So that for ledging and water here nothing they pay,  
As their Keepers shall answer at dreadfull Doomes day.*

*Lady.* O what a charitable deed was this!

*D. Now.* This *Aue Gibson*, who in her husbands life,  
Being a Grocer, and a Sheriffe of London,  
Founded a Free-Schoole at Ratcliffe,  
There to instruct threescore poore children,  
Built fourteene Almes-houses for fourteene poore,  
Leauing for Tutors 50. pound a yeere,  
And quarterly for euery one a Noble.]

*Lady.* Why should not I liue so, that being dead,  
My name might haue a Register with theirs.

*Gresh.* Why should not all of vs being wealthy men  
And by Heauens blessing onely rais'd, but  
Cast in our mindes how we might them exceed  
In godly workes, helping of them that need.

## If you know not me,

*Hob.* Bones a me tis true : why should we liue,  
To haue the poore to curse vs being dead?

Heauen grant that I may liue, that when I dye,  
The poore may laugh, although my Children cry.

*Now.* If you will foilow the relligious path,  
That these haue beat before you, you shall winne Heauen,  
Euen in the mid-day walkes you shall not walke the street,  
But Widowes orisons, Lazars prayers, Orphants thanks,  
Will flie into your eares, and with a ioyfull blush,  
Make you thanke Heaven that you haue done for them :  
When otherwise they'll fill you eares with curses,  
Crying, wee feed on woe, you are our nurses.

O is't not better that young couples say,  
You rais'd vs vp, then you were our decay ?  
And Mothers tongues teach their first borne to sing:  
Of our good deeds, then by you bad to wring.

*Hob.* No more M. *Nowel*, no more,  
I thinke these words should make a man of flint  
To mend his life : how say you M. *Gresham*?

*Gresh.* Fore mee they haue started teares into mine eyes,  
And M. D. *Nowell*, you shall see  
The words that you haue spoke, haue wrought effect in mee.

*Lady.* And from these women I will take away,  
To guide my life for a more blessed stay.

*Now.* Begin then whilst you liue, lest being dead,  
The good you giue in charge be neuer done,  
Make your owne hands your executors, your eyes ouer-seers,  
And haue this saying euer in your mind :

*Women be forgetfull, children be unkind,*

*Executors be couetous, and take what they can finde.*

*Hob.* In my time I haue seenè many of them.

*Gresh.* Ile learne then to preuent them whilst I liue,  
The good I meane to doe, these hands shall giue.

*Enter Quicke.*

*Quicke.* The matter you wot of is done.

*Gresh.* Dore knaue, what's done?

*Quicke.* He is in hucksters hand ing sir, and here he commends  
him vnto you.

*Gresh.*



*you know nobody.*

*Gresh.* Knaue dost tell mee Riddles, what's all this?

*Quicke.* A thing will speake his owne minde to you,  
If you please but to open the lip.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clo.* Be your leaue Gentlemen, I am come to smell out my master here: Your kinsman *John* sir, your kinsman *John*.

*Gresh.* O he has brought the hundred pound, where is he?

*Quicke.* It appeares by this, the matter is of lesse waight.

*Gresh.* What more papers!

Fellow, what hast thou brought me here, a recantation?

*Clo.* It may be so, for he appeares in a white sheet.

*Quick.* Indeed he seemes sorry for his bad life.

*Gresh.* Bad life, bad life knaue, what meanes all this?

*M. D. Nowel* pray reade for mee,

And Ile reade that my kinsman *John* hath sent:

Where is he knaue?

*Clo.* Your worship's no wiser then you should be, to keepe any of that coate.

*Gresh.* Knaue thou meanest.

*Clo.* Knaue I meane sir, but your kinsman *John*,  
That by this time's well forward on his way.

*Gresh.* Heyday, what haue we here, knauery as quick as *Eeles*?  
We'll more of this.

*Clo.* You were best let me helpe you hold it sir.

*Gresh.* Why knaue, dost thinke I cannot hold a paper?

*Clo.* Helpe will doe no hurt, for if the knauery be as quicke as  
an Eele, it may chance to deceiue you. *Gresham reade.*

*I am a Merchant made by chance,*

*And lacking coyne to venture,*

*Your hundred pound's gone toward France,*

*Your Factor's in the Compter.*

*Quick.* No sir, he is yet but in the *Tauerne* at *Compter-gate*,  
but he shall soone be in if you please.

*Gresh.* Away knaue let me reade on.

*My father gaue me a portion,*

*You keepe away my due:*

*I haue paid my selfe a part to spend,*

*Here's a discharge for you.*

*If you know not me,*

Precious cole, here's a Knaue round with me.

*D. No.* Your Factor *Timothy Thin-beard* writes to you,  
Who as it seemes is arrested at your sute.

*Gresh.* How, at my sute!

*D. Now.* And here confesseth by vsing bad Company,  
He is runne behind hand fise hundred pound:  
And doth intreate you would be good to him.

*Gresh.* How, run behind hand fise hundred pound,  
And by bad company. Mr. Deane of Powles,  
He is a fellow seemes so pure of life,  
I durst haue trusted him with all I had.

*D. Now.* Here is so much vnder his owne hand.

*Gresh.* Ha, let me see, who set you to arrest him?

*Quick.* V Why your kinsman *Iohn*, your kinsman *Iohn*.

*Gresh.* Ha, ha, yfaith I smell the knauery then:  
This Knaue belike mistrusting of my Kinsman,  
V Would come along to see the money giuen me:  
Mad *Iacke*, hauing no tricke to put him off,  
Arrests him with a Sergeant at my sute,  
There went my 100. pound away: this *Thin-beard* then,  
Knowing himselfe to haue playd the Knaue with me,  
And thinking I had arrested him indeede,  
Confesseth all his trickes with yea and nay,  
So here's fise hundred pound come, one run away.

*Hob.* Bones a me, Mr. *Gresham*, is my man *Iohn*  
Gone away with your hundred pound?

*Clow.* Faith it appeares so by the acquittance that I brought.

*Gresh.* No matter Mr. *Hobson*, the charge you trust him with,  
Ile see he shall discharge, I know he is wilde,  
Yet I must tell you ile not see him suncke.  
And trust me, it hath done my heart more good,  
The Knaue had wit to doe so mad a tricke,  
Then if he had profited me twice so much.

*Ram.* He euer had the name of mad *Iacke Gresham*.

*Gresh.* He's the more like his vncle; sir *Thomas Ramsie*,  
V When I was young I do remember well,  
I was as very a Knaue as he is now.

Sirra, bring *Thin-beard* higher to me: and sir *Thomas Ramsie*,

Your



*you know no body.*

Your hundred pound Ile see you payd my selfe :  
Ha, Ha, mad *Iacke*, grammercy for this flight,  
This hundred pounds makes me thy Vncle right. *Exe.*

*Enter Iohn Tawny-coate.*

*Taw.* I sure, tis in this Lane, I turned on the right hand coming from the Stockes, nay, though there was master carelesse, man carelesse, and all carelesse, ile still be honest *Iohn*, and scorne to take any mans ware but ile pay them for it : I warrant they thinke me an arrant Knaue, for going away and not paying, and in my Conscience the master cudgeld the men, and the men the Master, and all about me, when as I sweare, I did it innocently. But sure this is the Lane, there's the Wind-mill, there's the Dogs head in the pot, and here's the Fryer whipping the Nunnes tayle : tis hereabout sure.

*Enter in the shop two of Hobsons folkes, and opening the Shop.*

1. Come fellow *Cracke*, haue you sorted vp those wares?  
Mark't them with 54: they must be packt vp.

2. I haue don't an houre agoe : haue you seal'd vp  
My masters Letter to his Factor *Iohn Gresham*?  
It is at *Deepe* in *France* to send him matches,  
For he must vse them at *Bristow* Faire.

1. I, and the Poste receiued it two houres since.

*Taw.* Sure it is hereabout, the Kennell was on my right hand, and I thinke in my Conscience I shall neuer haue grace and good lucke, if I doe not pay it : S'foote looke here, looke here, I know this is the shop by that same stretch-halter : O my masters, by your leaue good fellowes.

1. You are welcome sir, you are welcome.

*Taw.* Indeede that's the common saying about *London*, if men bring money with them.

1. O sir, money Customers to vs are best welcome.

*Taw.* You say well, so they should be : come, turne o're your bookes, I am come to pay this same ten pound.

1. And we are ready to receiue money ; what might wee call your name?

*Taw.* Why my name is *Iohn Goodfellow*, I hope I am not ashamed of my name.

*If you know not me,*

1. Your kinne are the more beholding vnto you. Fellow *Crack*,  
turne o'er the Kalender, and looke for *Iohn Good-fellow*.

2. What comes it to?

*Taw*. Ten pound.

1. You will haue no more wares with you, will you sir?

*Taw*. Nay prethee not too fast, let's pay for the old before we  
talke of any new.

2. *Iohn Good-fellow*, fellow *Nimble-chaps*, here's no such name  
in all our booke.

1. I thinke thou art mop-ey'd this morning, giue me the booke,  
Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: when had you your ware?

*Taw*. I had it some ten dayes agoe.

1. Your name's *Iohn Good-fellow* you say. Letter I, Letter I,  
Letter I. You doe not come to mocke vs doe you? Letter I, Let-  
ter I, Letter I. By this hand if I thought you did, I would knock  
you about the eares afore wee parted. Fellow *Crack*, get me a  
cudgell ready. Letter I, Letter I, Letter I. Sfoot, here's no such  
name in all our Booke. Doe you here fellow, are you drunke this  
morning, to make vs looke for moone-shine in the water.

*Taw*. Fut, art not thou drunke this morning, canst not receiue  
the money that's due to thee? I tell thee I had ten pounds worth  
of ware here.

1. And I tell thee *Iohn Good-fellow*, here's no such name in our  
Booke, nor no such ware deliuered.

*Taw*. Sprecious there's a iest indeed, so a man may be sworne  
out of himselfe, had not I ten pounds worth of ware here?

2. No goodman-goose that you had not.

*Taw*. Heyda, here's excellent fellowes, are able to make their  
Masters hayre grow through his hood in a moneth: they cannot  
onely carelesly deliuer away his ware, but also they will not take  
money for it when it comes.

1. Doe you heare Hoyden, and my Master were not in the next  
roome, I'de knocke you about th'eares for playing the knaue with  
vs, ere you parted.

*Taw*. I thinke your Master had more need (if he look't well  
about him) to knock you for playing the Iackes with him. There's  
your ten pounds, tell it out with a wanion, and take it for your  
paines.

1. Fut,



*you know no body.*

1. Fut, here's a mad slaue indeed will giue vs ten pound in spight of our teeths.

2. Fellow *Nimble-chaps*, alas, let the poore fellow alone, it appears the poore fellow is besides himselfe.

*Taw.* Masse, I thinke you will sooner make your Master starke mad, if you play thus with euery body.

*Enter old Hobson.*

*Hob.* Heyda, bones-a-me, here's lazy knaues.  
Past eight a clocke, and neither ware sorted,  
Nor shop swept.

*Taw.* Good morrow to you sir, haue you any more stomacke to receiue money then your men haue this morning?

*Hob.* Money is welcome chaffer, welcome good friend,  
welcome good friend.

*Taw.* Here's monsieur malapart your man, scornes to receiue it.

*Hob.* How knaues, scorne to receiue my money.  
Bones-a-me, growne proud, proud knaues, proud.

1. I hope wee know sir, you doe not vse to bring vp your seruants to receiue money vlesse it be due vnto you.

*Hob.* No, bones-a-me knaues, not for a million.  
Friend, come to pay me money, for what, for what,  
For what come you to pay me money?

*Taw.* Why sir, for ware I had some moneth agoe,  
Being pins, points, and laces,  
Poting-stickes for young wines, for young wenches-glasses,  
Ware of all sorts, which I bore at my backe,  
To sell where I come, with what doe you lacke,  
What doe you lacke, what doe you lacke?

*Hob.* Bones-a-mee, a merry knaue: what's thy name?

*Taw.* My name sir is *Io' n Good-fellow*,  
An honest poore pedler of *Kent*.

*Hob.* And had ten pound in ware of me a moneth agoe,  
Bones giue me the booke. *John Good-fellow* of *Kent*.

*Taw.* O sir, *nominne & natura*, by name and nature,  
I am as well knowne for a good fellow in *Kent*,  
As your City Sumner's knowne for a knaue.  
Come sir, will you be telling?

*Hob.* Tell mee no tellings, bones-a-me here's no such matter.

Away

*If you know not me,*

Away knaue, away, thou owest me none, out of my doores.

*Taw.* How, owe you none say you! this is but a tricke to try my honesty now.

*Hob.* There's a groat, goe drinke a pint of Sacke,  
Comfort thy selfe, thou art not well in thy wits;  
Heauen forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me.

*Taw.* Dickens, here's a jest indeed, master mad, men mad, and all mad, here's a mad household: doe you heare *M. Hobson*, I doe not greatly care to take your groat, and I care as little to spend it, yet you shall know I am *John*, honest *John*, and will not be out-fac't of my honesty, here I had ten pounds worth of ware, and I will pay for it.

*Hob.* *Nimble-chaps*, call for helpe *Nimble-chaps*,  
Bones-a-me, the man begins to raue.

2. Maister, I haue found out one *John Tawny-coat*,  
Had ten pounds worth of ware a moneth agoe.

*Taw.* Why that's I, that's I, I was *John Tawny-coat* then,  
Though I am *John Gray-coat* now.

*Hob.* *John Tawny-coat*! welcome *John Tawny-coat*.

*Taw.* Foot doe you thinke I'll be outfac'd of my honesty?

*Hob.* A stoole for *John Tawny-coat*, welcome *John Tawny-coat*  
Honest *John Tawny-coat*, we'come *John Tawny-coat*.

*Taw.* Nay I'll assure you, we were honest al the generation of vs,  
There 'tis to a Doit I warrant you, you neede not tell it after mee,  
Foot doe you thinke I'll be outfac't of mine honesty?

*Hob.* Thou art honest *John*, honest *John Tawny-coat*.  
Hauing so honestly paid for this,

Sort vp his packe freight worth twenty pound,  
He trust the honest *John*, *Hobson* will trust thee:

And any time the ware that thou dost lacke,  
Money, or money not, He stuffe thy packe.

*Taw.* I thanke you Maister *Hobson*, and this is the fruit of honesty,

*Enter a Purseuant.*

*Purs.* By your leaue *M. Hobson*. I bring this fauour to you,  
My royall Mistresse, *Queene Elizabeth*,  
Hath sent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

(*Hobson?*)

*Hob.* How, bones a me *Queene* know *Hobson*, *Queene* know  
And



*you know no body.*

And send but for one hundred pound. Friend come in,  
Come in friend, shal haue two, Queen shall haue two;  
If Queene know *Hobson* once, her *Hobsons* purse  
Must be free for her, she is *Englands* Nurse:  
Come in good friend, ha Queene know *Hobson*.  
Nay come in *John*, we'le dine together too.

*Taw*. Make vp my packe, and ile along from you  
Singing merrily on the way,  
Points, Pins, Gloues, and Purses,  
Poting-stickes, and blacke ieat-rings,  
Cambrickes, Lawnes, and pretty things.  
Come maides and buy, my backe doth cracke,  
I haue all that you want, what doe you lacke,  
VVhat doe you lacke? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gresham and Sword-bearer.*

*Gresh*. Our Cities Sword-bearer, and my good friend  
VVhat, haue our honourable Court of Aldermen  
Determin'd yet, shall *Gresham* haue a place  
To erect this worthy building to his Name,  
May make the City speake of him for euer.

*Sword*. They are in earnest Counsell sir about it.

*Gresh*. Be you my Agent too and fro to them,  
I know your place, and will be thankfull to you:  
Tell them I wait here in the Maiors Court:  
Beneath in the Sheriffes Court my worke-men waite,  
In number full an hundred, my Frame is ready,  
All onely stay their pleasure, then out of hand  
Vp goes my worke, a credit to the Land.

*Sword*. I shall be dutifull in your request. *Exit.*

*Gresh*. Do, good M. Sword-bearer, now when  
This work is rais'd, it shalbe in the pleasure of my life,  
To come and meete our Merchants at their houre,  
And see them in the greatest storme that is  
VValke dry, and in a worke Irais'd for them;  
Or fetch a turne with my vpper walke,  
VVithin which Square I haue ordered shops shalbe  
Of neate but necessariest Trades in *London*,  
And in the richest sort being garnisht out,

## *If you know not me,*

'Twill doe me good to see shops with faire wines:  
Sit to attend the profit of their husbands:  
Young maides brought vp, young men as prentises,  
Some Shall proue Masters and speake in *Greshams* praise,  
In *Greshams* worke wee did our fortunes raise.  
For I dare say both Countrey and the Count,  
For wares shall be beholding to this worke.

*Enter Sword-bearer, Lord Maior and Sheriffes.*

*Swor.* Master *Gresham*,

Thus sends the Lord Maior and Court of Aldermen.

*Rams.* Or rather come to bring the news our selues,  
We haue determin'd of a place for you  
In Corn-hill, the delightfull of this City,  
Where you shall raise your Frame. The City at their charge  
Hath bought the houses and the ground,  
And paid for both three thousand five hundred three and twenty,  
Order is giuen the houses shall be sold, (pound,  
To any man will buy them and remoue them.

*Sher.* Which is already done, being fourscore households,  
Were sold at foure hundred threescore and eightene pounds.  
The plot is also plained at the Cities charges,  
And we in name of the whole Citizens,  
Doe come to giue you full possession  
Of this our purpose whereon to build a Burse,  
A place for merchants to assemble in,  
At your owne charges.

*Gresh.* Master Shriffe Ile doo't, and what I spend therein,  
I scorne to lose day, neglect is a sinne.  
Where be my workmen?

*Enter Workmen.*

*Work.* Here; here, with trowell and tooles ready at hand.

*Gresh.* Come fellowes come: *Enter D. Nowel, & Hobf.*  
We haue a Frame made, and we haue roome  
To raise it. But M. D. *Nowel*, and M. *Hobson*,  
We haue your presence in a happy time,  
This seuenth of *June* we the first stone will lay  
Of our new Burse. Giue vs some bricke.  
Here's a bricke. Here's a faire Soueraigne,

Thus



*you know no body.*

Thus I beginne, be it hereafter told  
I laid the first stone with a piece of Gold.  
Hee that loues *Gresham* follow him in this,  
The gold we lay due to the workmen is.

*Work.* Heauen bleſſe *M. Gresham*, Heauen bleſſe *M. Gresham*,

*Ramſ.* The Maior of *London* (*M. Gresham*) followes you,  
Vnto your first this second I doe fit  
And lay this piece of Gold a top of it.

*Sher.* So doe the Sheriſſes of *London* after you.

*Hob.* And bones-a-me, old *Hobson* will be one;  
Here fellowes, there's my gold giue me a stone.

*Work.* Heauen forbid, a man of your credit should want stones.

*D. Now.* Is this the plot fir of your worke in hand?

*Gresh.* The whole plot both of forme and fashion.

*D. Now.* In sooth it will be a goodly edifice,  
Much Art appeares in it : in all my time  
I haue not ſeene a worke of this neat forme :  
What is this vaultage for, is fashioned here?

*Gresh.* Stowage for Merchants ware and strangers goods,  
As either by exchange or other wayes are vendible.

*D. Now.* Here's a middle-round, and a faire space,  
The round is greater, and the space  
Seemes open : your conceit for that?

*Gresh.* The grates giue light vnto the Cellerage,  
Vpon the which I haue my friends to walke,  
When heauen giues comfortable raine vnto the earth :  
For that I will haue couered. *D. Now.* So it appeares.

*Gresh.* This space that hides not heauen from vs,  
Shall be so still, my reason is,

There's Summers heat as well as Winters cold :

And I allow, and here's my reason for't,

'Tis better to be bleakt by winters breath,

Then to be stifled vp with Summers heat :

In cold weather walke dry, and thicke together,

And euery honest man warme one another :

In Summer then when too much heate offends,

Take ayre a-gods-name, Merchants or my friends."

*D. Now.* And what of this part that is ouer head?

*If you know not me,*

*Gresh.* M. Deane in this:

There is more ware then in all the rest,  
Here like a parish for good Citizens  
And their fayre wiues to dwell in, Ile haue shops  
Where euery day they shall become themselues  
In neat attire, that when our Courtiers  
Shall come in traines to trace old *Greshams* Burse,  
They shall haue such a girdle of chaste eyes,  
And such a globe of beauty round about,  
Ladies shall blush to turne their vizards off,  
And Courtiers sweare they ly'd when they did scoffe.

*D. Now.* Kind M. *Gresham*, this same worke of yours  
Will be a Tombe for you after your death,  
A benefit to Trades-men, and a place,  
Where Merchants meet their trafficke to maintaine,  
Where neyther cold shall hurt them, heat nor raine.

*Gresh.* O Master *Nowell*, I did not forget  
The troublesome storme we had in Lumber-street,  
That time Sir *Thomas* and I were aduersaries,  
And you and Master *Hobson* made vs friends.  
I then did say, and now Ile keepe my word,  
I saw a want and I would helpe afford.  
Nor is my promise giuen you, when you shew'd  
That ranke of charitable men to vs,  
That I would follow their good actions  
Forgot with me, but that before I dye,  
The world shall see Ile leaue like inemory. *Ablazing starre.*

*Hob.* I pray my Lord, haue you beheld the like!  
Looke how it streakes, what doe you thinke of it?

*Shir.* 'Tis a strange Comet M. *Hobson*,  
My time to my remembrance hath not seene  
A sight so wonderfull. Master Doctor *Nowell*,  
To iudge of these things, your experience  
Exceedeth ours, what doe you hold of it?  
For I haue heard that Meteors in the ayre  
Of lesser forme, lesse wonderfull then this,  
Rather fore-tell of dangers imminent,  
Then flatter vs with future happinesse.

*D. Nowell.*



*you know no body.*

*D. Now.* Art may discourse of these things, none can iudge  
Directly of Heauen in this.

And by discourse thus farre I hold of it :

That this strange starre appearing in the Norrh,

And in the Constellation of *Cassiopey*,

Which with three fixed starres commixt to it,

Doth make a Figure Geometricall

Lozenge-wise call'd of the learned *Rombus*,

Couducted with the houely Moone of Heauen,

And neuer alterd from the fixed Sphere,

Fore-tels such alteration, that my friends,

Heauen grant with this first sight our sorrow ends.

*Hob.* Heauens will be done Master Deane, hap what hap will,

Death doth not feare the good man but the ill.

*Gresh.* Well said Master *Hobson*,

Let's line to day, that if death come to morrow,

Hee's rather messenger of ioy then sorrow. *Enter a Factor.*

Now sir, what newes from *Barbary*?

*Fact.* Vnwelcomenewes sir, the King of *Barbary* is slaine.

*Gresh.* Ha, slaine! by Treason or by Warre?

*Fact.* By warre, in that renowned battell,

Swift Fame desires to carry through the world,

The battell of *Alcasar*, wherein two Kings

Besides the King of *Barbary* was slaine,

King of *Moroco*, and of *Portugall*;

With *Stemkeley* that renowned English-man,

That had a spirit equall with a King,

Made fellow with these Kings in warlike strife,

Honour'd his Countrey and concluded life.

*Gresh.* Cold newes birlady. The venture Gentlemen

Of threescore thousand pound with that dead King,

Lyes in a hazard to be wonne or lost :

In what estate consists the Kingdomenow?

*Fact.* In peace, and the succeeding happy heyre,

Was crown'd then King when I tooke ship from thence.

*Gresh.* To that King then be messenger from vs,

And by the sound of Trumpet summon him,

Say that thy Master, and a *London Merchant*,

*If you know not me,*

Craues due performance of such Couenants  
Confirm'd by the late King vnto our selfe,  
That for the summe of threescore thousand pound,  
The trafficke of his Sugars should be mine.  
If he refuse the former bargaine made,  
Then freely claime our money that we lent:  
Say that our coyne did stead the former King,  
If he be kinde we haue as much for him.

*Hob.* Bones of me, it was a dangerous day,  
Three Kings beside young *Stewkeley* slaine:  
Ile tell you my Lord Maior what I haue seene,  
When sword and bucklers were in question,  
I haue seene that *Stewkeley* beate a street before him.  
He was so familiar growne in euery mouth,  
That if it hapned any fighting were,  
The question straight was, was not *Stewkeley* there.  
Bones-a-me he would hew it. Now what newes with you?

*Enter a Boy.*

*Boy.* Here's a Letter sent you from *John Gresham*.

*Hob.* O an answer of a Letter that I sent,  
To send me matches against *Bristow-faire*,  
If then any were come.

*Boy.* I cannot tell fir well what to call it, but in stead of matches of ware, when you read your Letter, I beleue you will find your Factor hath match you.

*Hob.* What's here, what's here?

*Reade the Letter.*

*As neare as I could ghesse at your meaning, I haue laboured to furnish you, and haue sent you two thousand pounds worth of Match.*

How, bones knaue, two thousand pounds worth of Match!

*Boy.* Faith Master, neuer chafeat it, for if you cannot put it away for Match, it may be the hang-man will buy some of it for halters

*Hob.* Bones-a-me, I sent for matches of ware, fellowes of ware.

*Boy.* And match being a kinde of ware, I thinke your Factor hath matcht you.

*Hob.* The blazing Starre did not appeare for nothing.  
I sent to be sorted with matches of ware.



*you know no body.*

And he hath sent me nought but a commodity of Match,  
And in a time when there's no vent for it.  
What doe you thinke on't Gentlemen?

I little thought *Iacke* would haue seru'd me so.

*Gresh.* Nay Mr. *Hobson* grieue not at *Iackes* crosse,  
My doubt is more and yet I laugh at losse. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* You haue trauel'd sir, how do you like this Building?  
Trnst me, it is the goodliest thing that I haue seene,  
*England* affoerds none such.

2 *Lord.* Nor Christendome!  
I might say all the world has not his fellow.  
I haue beene in *Turkies* great *Constantinople*,  
The Merchants there meete in a goodly Temple,  
But haue no common Burse: in *Rome*, but *Rome's*  
Built after the manner of *Frankford* and *Embden*:  
There where the greatest Marts and meeting places  
Of Merchants are, haue streetes and pent-house,  
And as I might compare them to themselves,  
Like *Lumber-street* before this Burse was built.

*Enter Sir Thomas Ramsie.*

1 *Lord.* I haue seene the like in *Bristow*.

*Ram.* Good morrow to your Honours.

2 *Lord.* Thanks to my good Lord Maior.  
We are gazing here on Mr. *Greshams* worke.

*Ram.* I thinke you haue not seene a goodlier frame.

2 *Lord.* Not in my life, yet I haue beene in *Venice*,  
In the *Realto* there called *Saint Markes*,  
Tis but a bable, if compar'd to this:  
The nearest that which most resembles it,  
Is the great Burse in *Antwerpe*, yet not comparab'e  
Eyther in height or wideness: the fayre Cellerage,  
Or goodly shops aboue: O my Lord Maior,  
This *Gresham* hath much grac'd your Citty *London*  
His fame will long out-liue him.

1 *Lord.* It is reported you sir *Thomas Ramsie*,  
Are as rich as he: this should incite you  
To such noble workes, to eternize you.

*Ram.*

*If you know not me,*

*Ramsf.* Your Lordship pleases to be pleasant with me,  
I am the meanest of a many men  
In this faire City. Maister *Greshams* fame  
Drawes me as a Spectator amongst others,  
To see his cost, but not compare with it.

1 *Lo.* And it is cost indeede.

2 *Lo.* But when to fit these empty roomes about here  
The pictures grauen of the English Kings  
Shall be set ouer, and in order plac'd,  
How glorious will it then be?

1 *Lord.* Very admirable, and worthy of praise.

*Ramsf.* These very pictures wil surmount my wealth.

1 *Lord.* But how will M. *Gresham* name this place?

2 *Lord.* I heard my Lord of *Lecester* to the Queene  
Highly commend this worke, and she then promist  
To come in person, and here Christen it,  
It cannot haue a better God-mother.  
This *Gresham* is a Royall Cittizen.

*Ramsf.* He feasts this day the Russian Ambassadour,  
I am a bidden Guest,  
Where if it please you——

1 *Lord.* Good sir *Thomas*

We know what you would say, we are his Guests  
Inuited too: Yet in our way wee tooke  
This wonder worth our paynes, it is our way  
To Bishops Gate to Maister *Greshams* house,  
Thither to please you, we'll associate you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Gresham leading in the Ambassador, Musicke, and a  
Banquet serued in: the Ambassador's set.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Ramsie, the two Lords, my Lady Ramsie, the  
Waits in Sargeants gownes, with one interpreter.*

*Gresh.* Lords all at once welcome, welcome at once,  
You come to my new Buildings vp-sitting,  
It hath beene long in labour, now deliuer'd,  
And vp, anon we'll haue a health to it.  
This Russian Prince, the Emperours Ambassadour

Doth



*you know no body.*

Doth not our Language vnderstand : Interpreter,  
Say that we bid him welcome.

*Inter.* The Prince speakes Latine,  
And in that language we'll interpret for him :

*Salutem tibi optat & aduentum tuum grauissimus*  
*iste Londinensis.*

*Amb.* *Istum libens audio, ages illi meo nomine*  
*Ex animo gratias, funde quod bibamus.*

*Inter.* He gladly thanks you for his royall welcome,  
And drinckes to you.

*Gresh.* We vnderstand that signe.  
Come, let our full crown'd cups ore-flow with wine,  
Welcome againe faire Lords.

*2. Lord.* Thankes M. *Gresham.*

Wee haue beene viewing of your workes.

*Gresh.* My Burse, how doe you like it Lords?  
It is a pretty bable.

*2. Lord.* 'Tis a faire worke.

Her Maiesty intends to name the place.

*Gresh.* Shee doth her Seruant *Gresham* too much grace.  
It will be pretty when my pictures come,  
To fill those empty roomes, if that hold,  
That ships fraught is worth her waight in gold.

*1. Lord.* It will be rare and famous.

*Gresh.* VVhat was it that the Russian whispered?

*Inter.* He askt me what Interpreter the Queene  
VVould in his Embassie employ.

*Gresh.* None, tell him none.

For though a woman, she is a rare Linguist;  
VVhere other Princes vse Interpreters,  
She *propria voce*, I haue some Latine too;  
She of her selfe heares all their Embassies,  
And her selfe answers them without Interpreter,  
Both Spanish, Latine, French, and Greeke,  
Dutch, and Italian, so let him know :  
My Lord of *Lecester* sent me word last night,  
And I am prouder on't then on my building,  
The Queene to grace me and my workes the more,

*If you know not me,*

The feuerall Ambassadors there will heare,  
And them in person answer. 2. Lord. Tis most true.

*Enter a Gentleman whispering to sir Thomas Ramfis.*

*Gresh.* The Russian with the French.  
What would that Gentleman sir Thomas?

*Ram.* He is a Marchant, and a Jeweller:  
Mongst other stones, he saith he hath a Pearle,  
Orient and round, weighing so many carats  
That it can scarce be valued; the French King,  
And many other Dukes haue for the riches  
And price refused to buy it: now he comes  
To offer it to this Ambassador.

*Gresh.* Shew him the Pearle Interpreter:  
The Lord Ambassador.

*Inter.* *Amercator quidam & aurifex spectandum tibi profert  
Gemmam domine serenissime.*

*Amb.* *Et pulchra & principe digna, interroga quanti indicat?*

*Inter.* He commends it to be both rich and faire,  
And desires to know how you value it.

*Mer.* My price sir, is fiftene hundred pound.

*Amb.* *Quanti valet?* *Inter.* *Mille quingentis minis.*

*Amb.* *Non, non nimis percara est ista Gemma.*

*Inter.* He saith it is too deare, he will not buy it.

*Gresh.* I will peruse your Pearle, is that your price?

*Mer.* I cannot bate one crowne and gaine by it.

*Enter a Mariner.*

*Gresh.* We'll not be accessary to your losse,  
And yet considring all things some may thinke vs  
To be but bare of treasure at this time,  
Hauing disburst so much about our workes,  
Yet if our ships and trade in *Barbary*  
Hold currant we are well: what newes from Sea;  
How stands my ships?

*Mar.* Your ships in which all the Kings pictures were,  
From *Brute* vnto our Queene: *Elizabeth*,  
Drawne in white marble, by a storme at Sea  
Is wrack't and lost.

*Gresh.* The losse I weigh not this:

Only



*you know no body.*

Onely it grines me that my famous building  
Shall want so rich and faire an ornament.

*L. Ram.* It touches all the City for those pictures  
Had doubly grac'd this royall edifice.

*Ram.* Me thinks the ships losse most should trouble you.

*Gresh.* My ship's but wealth, why we haue wealth;  
The pictures were the grace of my new Burse,  
So I might them in their true forme behold,  
I car'd not to haue lost their weights in gold.

1. *Lord.* A noble Citizen.

*Enter a Factor.*

*Gresh.* Our Factor, what good newes from *Barbary*?  
What sayes the King, speake didst thou summon him?  
Or hast thou brought my threescore thousand pound?  
Or shall I haue the Sugars at that rate?  
Ifso, new marble pictures we'll haue wrought,  
And in a new ship from beyend sea brought.

*Fact.* The King that in the regall chaire succeeds  
The King late dead, I summon'd, and demanded  
Either your money tendred, or the Sugars  
After the rate propos'd, he denied both:  
Alleaging though he was successiue heire,  
He was not therefore either tide to pay  
The late Kings debts, nor yet to stand vnto  
Vnnecessary bargaines: notwithstanding  
To gratifie your loue, the King hath sent you  
As presents, not as satisfaction,  
A costly dagger, and a paire of slippers,  
And there's all for your threescore thousand pound.

*Gresh.* Birlady a deare bargaine.

1. *Lord.* I feare me this will plunge him, a strange crosse,  
How will he take this newes, losse vpon losse.

2. *Lord.* Nay, will it not vndoe him, doth he not wish  
His buildings in his purse?

*Gresh.* A dagger, that's well,  
A paire of slippers come vndoe my shoes:  
What 60. thousand pound in sterling money,  
And payd me all in slippers, then Hoboyes play,  
On slippers Ile dance all my care away:

*If you know not me,*

Fit, fit, he had the iust length of my foot.  
You may report Lords when you come to Court,  
You *Gresham* saw a paire of slippers weare,  
Cost thirty thousand pound.

1. *Lo.* Somewhat too deare.

*Gresh.* Nor yet for all this treasure we haue lost,  
Repents it vs one penny of our cost.

2. *Lo.* As royall in his vertues as his buildings.

*Ram.* These losses would haue kild me.

*Gresh.* Jeweller.

Let's see thy Pearle: goe pound it in a morter,  
Beate it to powder, then returne it me:

VVhat Dukes and Lords, and these Ambassadors,  
Haue euen before our face refus'd to purchase,  
As of too high a price to venture on,

*Gresham* a London Merchant, here will buy.  
What, is it broken small? fill vs some wine.  
Fuller, yet fuller, till the brim o're-flowes,  
Here 16000. pound at one clap goes,

In stead of Sugar, *Gresham* drinke this Pearle  
Vnto his Queene and Mistresse: pledge it Lords,  
Who euer saw a Merchant brauelierfraught,  
In dearer slippers, or a richer draught?

*Ram.* You are an honour to all English Merchants,  
As bountifull as rich, and charitable.

*Gresh.* I doe not this as prodigall of my wealth.  
Rather to shew how I esteeme that losse  
Which cannot be regain'd. A London Merchant  
Thus treads on a Kings present. Jeweller,  
My Factor shall deliuer you the money.  
And Lords so please you but to see my Schoole  
Of the seuen learned liberall Sciences,

*Meaning the  
slippers.*

Which I haue founded here neere Bishops-gate,  
I will conduct you. I will make it Lords  
An Vniuersity within it selfe,  
And giu't from my reuenewes maintenance.  
We are not like those that are not liberall  
Till they be dying; what we meane to giue,



*you know no body.*

We will bestow, and see done whilst we live.  
Attendance, come, th' Ambassador, guests, all,  
Your welcome's great, albeit your cheere's but small:

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Tawny-coat with a Spade.*

*Taw.* Hard world, when men dig liuing out of stones,  
As wretched miserable I am enforced:  
And yet there liues more pittie in the earth,  
Then in the flinty bosomes of her children;  
For she's content to haue her aged brest  
Mangled with Mattookes, rent and torne with spades:  
To giue her children and their children bread,  
When man more flinty then her stony ribs  
That was their mother, neither by intreats,  
Teares nor complaints, will yeeld them sustenance,  
But 'tis our ages fault; the mightier  
Teare liuing out of vs, we out of her.

*Enter Hobson in his gowne and slippers.*

*Hob.* Mother a me, what a thicke mist is here?  
I walked abroad to take the mornings ayre,  
And I am out of knowledge; bones a me,  
What Meads, and what inclosure haue we here?  
How now old *Hobson*, doat in thine old age?  
A foole at threescore, whither wilt thou wit?  
I crost the water in my gowne and slippers.  
To see my rents and buildidgs of the Baneke-side,  
And I am slipt cleane out of ken, fore mee,  
A wooll-gathering.

*Taw.* Either mine care's deceiued,  
Or I should know that tongue: 'tis so indeed,  
Each word he speakes makes my torn heart to bleed.

*Hob.* Ha, ha, I smile at my owne foolery,  
Now I remember mine old Grandmother  
Would talke of Fayries and Hobgoblins,  
That would lead milke-maids ouer hedge and ditch,  
Make them milke their neighbours kine,  
And tenné to one this Robin-Goodfellow

*Tawny-coat digs.*

*If you know not me,*

Hath led mee vp and downe the mad mans maze.  
I heare some company, for shame all whist,  
Sit thee downe *Hobson* a right man in the mist.

*Taw.* 'Tis he alas: when the rough hand of want  
Hath cast vs downe, it loads vs with mishaps:  
I broke my day with him, O had that fatall houre  
Broken my heart: and Villaine that I was,  
Neuer so much as write in my excuse,  
And he for that default hath sew'd my bill,  
And with an execution is come downe,  
To seaze my houshold-stuffe, imprison me,  
And turne my wife and children out of doores.  
VVhat, shall I fly him? no, hee's pittifull:  
Then with my teares I will importune him.  
Heauen saue you M. *Hobson*.

*Hob.* *Hobson*, bones-a-me,  
What voice is that? art thou a man, a friend?  
Tell mee if thou beest that VVill of the wispe,  
That leadst mee this wilde Morice? I coniure thee  
To leaue mee to my selfe.

*Taw.* O Master *Hobson*,  
As euer you haue beene a poore mans friend,  
Continue still so, insult not o'er my fortunes.

*Hob.* I am in the mist, what art thou, speake?

*Taw.* A debter of your workships.

*Hob.* A debter of mine! mother-of-me thou lyest,  
I know thee not, nor doe I know this place:  
If thou owest me any thing, pay me with thy loue,  
And if thou beest acquainted in these woods,  
Conduct me to some Towne, or direct road  
That leads to *London*, and Ile here discharge thee  
Of debts and duties, and beside impart  
Somewhat to cherish thee.

*Taw.* VVhat should I thinke?  
He knowes me, and for feare I should scape him,  
He would intice me to the Officers.  
O master *Hobson*, though not for mine owne,  
Yet for my wife and my poore childrens sakes,



*you know no body.*

If your intent be to imprison me,  
Vpon my knees I doe intreat you spare me.  
The goods you trusted me withall, I haue not wasted  
In ryot and excesse, but my kind heart,  
Seeing my helpelesse neighbours in distresse,  
By reason of the long and dearth,  
Some I releued, some trusted me with my goods,  
Whose pouerty's not able to repay.  
Then beare with me a little, your rich store  
Hath sau'd my life, and fed an hundred more.

*Hob.* Now bones-a-me, another *Tawny-coat*?  
What's thy name Knaue?

*Taw.* *John Rowland* sir.

*Hob.* Bones-a-me,  
I thought as much, art not thou *Tawny-coat*?

*Taw.* I am the man whom you call'd *Tawnycoat*.

*Hob.* And I the *Hobson* that will pittie thee:  
Now bones a me, what mak'st thou with a spade?

*Taw.* This spade alas, 'tis all the wealth I haue,  
When my poore wife and children cry for bread,  
They still must cry till these haue purchast it:  
They must goe naked till these hardned hands,  
When the cold breath of winter strikes on them,  
Till these haue earned it.

*Hob.* Now alas good soule,  
It melts my heart to heare him, and mine eyes,  
Could weepe for company. VVhat earn'st a day?

*Taw.* Little, Heauen knowes,  
Though I be stirring earlier then the Lark,  
And at my labour later then the Lambe,  
Towards my wife and childrens maintenance,  
I scarcely earne my three-pence by the day.

*Hob.* Alas, the while, poore soules I pittie them,  
And in thy words, as in a looking-glasse,  
I see the toyle and trauell of the Countrey,  
And quiet gaine of Cities blessednesse.  
Heauens will for all, and should we not respect it  
VVe are vnworthy life. But bones-a-me,

*Dost*

*If you know not me,*

Dost thinke pay me twenty pound  
And keepe thy charge earning a groat a day?

*Tam.* If Heauen blesse my labours I hope I shall,  
I haue this quarter by exceeding thrift,  
Bare clothing, and spare dyet, scrap'd together  
Fiuē shillings in a purse, which I lay vp  
Towards your worships debt.

*Hob.* Giue it me, somewhat hath some sauour,  
And yett shall I spend that which the poote labourer got?  
Heauen no, forbid: old *Hobson* ne'er will eate,  
Rather then surfet vpon poore mens sweat.  
Take it againe and buy thy children bread.  
But soft, the mist doth breake, what towne is this?

*Tam.* Detford an't like your worship.

*Enter Timothy.*

*Hob.* Bones-a-mee, to Detford came I to doe charity.  
I see't was? Heauens appointment:  
But who comes here? Bones-a-me honest *Tim*!  
Twas said in London you were bound for France,  
And I determin'd to haue writ to you.

*Tim.* By yea and nay, *M. Hobson* tis no vutrueth: I was bound  
for France, landed in France, dispatht some secret businesse for a  
sister in France, and from her haue french tokens to deliuer to the  
sisterhood, whome I shall first encounter in England.

*Hob.* Boens-a-me *Tim*, so speedy in your iourney,  
It seemes your businesse was of much import.

*Mim.* Verily it was, and it stood chiefly betweene two women,  
and as you know, women loue to haue their businesse dispatht,

*Hob.* Mother-a-me *Tim*, I am glad of it.  
But how does my Factor *John Gresham* in France?

*Tim.* Your grauity may better consider of that then I can dis-  
course, but withall I pray you thinke he is a wilde youth: there  
are *Tauernes* in France, yet I doe not thinke *John Gresham* is gi-  
uen to frequent them, & yet I must remember you, he is a youth,  
and youth may be drawne to expences. *England's* on this side,  
*France* on that, the Sea's betwixt him and his Master, but I doe  
not speake what I thinke, and yet I thinke more at this time then  
I meane to speake.

*Hob?*



*you know nobody.*

*Hob.* Mother-a-me, leaue off these Parables,  
And tell me plainly, is he not a wench?

*Tim.* By yea and by nay sir, without Parable, I am no telltale,  
I haue seene him in company with Madona such a one, or such  
a one, it becomes not flesh and bloud to reueale: your worship  
knowes hee is in France, the Sea betwixt him and you, and what  
a young youth in that case is prone vnto: your grauity is wise,  
(He not say so much?) I saw him drinking with a French Lady  
or Lasse in a Tauerne, but if I had, it had beene lesse: then perhaps  
you imagine in such a wild youth no question hee does deserue  
something.

*Hob.* Mother-a-metis so, In a French Tauerne  
Kissing the Lady, and the Sea betwixt vs:

I am for you M. *John*: thus in my gowne and slippers,  
And night-cap and gowne, He step ouer to France.

Here *Tawnicot*, receiue thou my seal'd ring,  
Beare it to my Factor, bid him by that token  
Sort thee out forty pounds worth of such wares  
As thou shalt thinke most beneficiall:

Thou art a free-man, vp with thy trade agen,  
He raise thee *Rouland*, if Heauen say Amen.

*Taw.* I know not how. *Hob.* Tut bones-a-me man peace,  
*Hobson* will doe't: thou owest me but twenty pound,  
He venture forty more: *Timothy* here shall be thy  
Witnesse to my Factor in this businesse.

To all our friends in London say I am gone  
Ouer to France. I am for you M. *John*.

*Enter John and Curtezan.*

*Curtez.* Sweet youth thou art two young, and yet scarce ripe  
to tast the sweetenesse of my mellowed loue.

*John.* That's the reason I set thy teeth on edge thus, but thou  
knowst I promist to haue a bout with thee at our last parley, and  
I am come to performe my word: name the weapon.

*Curtez.* Nothing but kisses and enticing lookes.

*John.* Then ward your lips well, or you'll ha the venney.

*Curtez.* I haue no ward but this: my tender sex  
Haue not the manly skill to breake a thrust:

O how I dote on thee! I haue tided ere now  
The sweaty Spaniard, and hte carowing Dane,

*If you know not me,*

The foggy Dutch-man, and the fiery French,  
The briske Italian, and indeede what not:  
And yet of all and all, the Englishman  
Shall goe for mee: I, yo<sup>r</sup> are the truest Louers,  
The ablest, last night, and the truest men  
That breath beneath the Sunne.

*John.* Why then the Englishman for thy money, well my little rogue, there's no loue lost I assure thee. I am my masters Factor, and thou hast a commodity that I must needs take vp, and not enter't into his Cash-booke neither. Little thinkes my master in England, what ware I deale withall here in *France*: but since tis offer'd mee at the best hand, the venture on't though I bee a looser by the bargaine.

*Curt.* I would bee priuate, lest the tel-tale ayre  
Whisper our loue, I prethee let vs in  
To the inner chamber, I am jealous  
Of all eyes but mine owne to looke vpon thee,  
I would haue none to see thee but my selfe:  
In amorous armes to fold thee but my selfe:  
To associate, talke, discourse, or dally with thee,  
Chap, graspe hands, or kisse thee, but my selfe.

*John.* Who would not be a Marchant venturer, and lay out for such a faire returne? I shall venture the doubling of my yeares presently: I thinke I haue met with a better commodity then Matches, and my master cannot say but he hath met with his match: this tis to haue the land & the sea betwixt me and my master, here can I keepe my *French* reuels, and none say so much as black is mine eye. Prethee little pinck any bestow this iewell a me.

*Curt.* This Iewell's loue: aske my life tis thine:  
But this an English factor whom you know,  
Gaueme at his departure out of *Rhoane*,  
And I haue vow'd to keepe it for his sake,  
Any thing but this Iewell.

*John.* But if I could get his Iewell cleanly, and carry it him  
uer at my returne for a token, t'were a iest worth laughing at:  
But and thou wilt not giue me this Iewell, prethee giue me this  
same chaine to weare for thy sake.

*Curt.* This was another Countrey-mans of yours,



*you know no body.*

He made me sweare to keep'till his returne:

Aske me ought else, 'tis thine. *John.* Why then this Ring.

*Curt.* That you of all the fauours that I weare,

Could find out nothing but this Ring? this Ring;

A toy not worth the giuing: yet I sooner

Would part with life then this: a dying friend

Bequeath'd it at his death. But honey Loue,

What should'st thou talke of giuing, 'tis a word

Worne out of vse, it sounds not well in French,

A man should still say take, take to his wench.

*John.* Then I say take, take this and this, (still take heed of mee lest I shew you a slippery tricke for this) 'Tis the kindest wench in Christendome, but shee'll part with nothing.

Shall we haue another wooing roome?

*Curt.* What Roomē thou pleasest, deare heart, I agree,  
Where ere I goe there shall be roome for thee.

*John.* Any: then I may chance to make you wish rather my  
roome then my company, and you looke not the better to't.

*They withdraw: Enter at the other end of the Stage*

*Hobson in his gowne and slippers.*

*Hob.* I haue slipt o're into France, and in my slippers  
Giuen all my friends the slip, to see this gallant

My man, he hath matcht me: bones-a-me,

The knaue's a Prophet, else it could not be.

He's not at his lodging; yet by an English Factor,

A fellow knowes not me, I was directed

Vnto this house, I'll know what businesse

The knaue hath here.

*Pulsat.*

*Intrat Puella.*

*Wench.* Who's there? who's at the doore?

(man?

*Hob.* Damsell, good day, is there not a fellow here, an English-

*Wench.* Here's an Englishman, but none of your fellow neither:  
I hope we are not all fellowes at foot-ball.

*Hob.* Nay, bones-a-me Girle, there's no reason wee should bee  
fellowes: but prethee my wench, is there not one *Iacke Gresham*  
here?

*Wench.* No goodman looke like a Goose, but there's one ma-  
ster *John Gresham*, an English Gentleman here: and you know no

*If you know not me,*

manners, you should be taught some.

*Hob.* Bones-a-me, goodman master, master seruant,  
Old goodman *Hobson* keepes Gentlemen to his men,  
*Iacke* turn'd to M. *John*, marry sir-reuerence,  
The French maid taught me manners: well, I hope  
We shall haue a sight of the Gentleman.

*Wench.* As you vse your selfe you may, and you may not.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Enter Iohn Grosham Curtiz.*

*John.* Thou seest this Iewell well becomes mine eare,  
This Ring my finger, and this Chaine mine arme.

*Curt.* Ile be thy Iewell, at thy lips Ile hang,  
And as this ring thy finger compasseth,  
So shall these armes thy waste: these are but toyes,  
Let me displace them.

*Intrat puella.*

*Wench.* M. *John*, here's a fellow below would speake with you.

*John.* With mee, what is hee?

*Wench.* A simple Coxecombe, Ile call him vp to you.

*John.* Doe my sweete Buffamache: some Carrier or base knaue  
that hangs of my liberality: I hope tis not pure *Tims* come for the  
second part of my beneuolence.

Admit him that he may praise our fate,  
And see vs in our choicest pompe and state.

*Wench.* Here's the fellow I told you of sir.

*Intrat Hobson.*

*John.* Tis my master.

*Hob.* *Sante amen:* Man *John*, a wenchart knaue, racke and man-  
ger knaue: bones-a-me, cannot a snatch and away serue your  
turne, but you must lie at racke and manger? 'Is this the ware you  
deale with, seruant *John*? *John.* Chapmans ware sir.

*Hob.* Sirra, sirra, the dealing with such ware belongs not to  
our trade: bones a mee knaue, a Prentise must not occupy for  
himselfe, but for his master,

*John.* And he cannot occupy for his master, without the con-  
sent of his mistris. *Hob.* Come, y'are a knaue.

*John.* Of your owne bringing vp sir.

*Hob.* Besides, thou canst not keepe open shop here,  
because thou art a forraigner, by the lawes of the Realme.

*John*



*you know no body.*

*John.* Not within the liberty : but I hope the suburbs tolerates any man or woman to deale for themselves, they may doe't in the City too, and they be naturaliz'd once.

*Hob.* I but sirra, Ile haue none of my English Prentises frenchified : bones-a-me knaue, Ile haue thee deale with no such broken commodities.

*John.* Your worship must haue such as the Countrey yeelds, or none at all. But I pray sir, what's our trade ?

*Hob.* What sayst thou knaue ?

*John.* That your worship is a Haberdasher of all wares.

*Hob.* Bones-a-me, a Haberdasher of all wares.

*John.* And that's the worst trade in all Christendome, and especially for French women : if they know a man to be a Haberdasher of small ware, they'll haue no dealing with him, and therefore and you will haue any good commodities here, you must change your copy : you neuer were a trauelier, and therefore you know not what belongs to't : but you doe cleane mistake this Gentlewoman, and you take her for a light wench, weigh her in equall ballance, and you shall finde her no such woman, on such woman Ile assure

*Hob.* No, what is shee then *John* ?

*John.* Fore-mee sir, I would not haue you wrong the Gentlewomans repure for a world : This *Metressa* deales for herselfe, and hath many sorts of ware at command, I was now bargaining with her about a certaine Country-Commodity, and had not your comming marr'd the match, wee had gone through for't. And further, should you wrong the Ladies reputation herein *France*, Ile assure you they haue the law of their sides : but to confirme your good opinion of her, this is she of whom I tooke vp your commodity of matches : be sorry for your offence, and excuse you to her for shame master.

*Hob.* Bones-a-me knaue, I cannot speake a word of French.

*John.* Nor shee of English, but all's one : vpon her Master, and what you cannot doe in words performe in dumbe signes, VVhat in your slippers come to take me napping ?

Ile giue you what you come for instantly,

And on the suddaine make you so agast,

You will be glad to pardon what is past.

*Exit.*

*If you know not me,*

*Hob.* Madam, I cry you mercy for this wrong  
Done to your Ladiship, I did suspect you  
For a bad liuer, but I see you cleare,  
For which mistake I doe remaine your seruant.

*Courtez.* Gramercy Mounseur.

*Hob.* How, would you my gray Mare see?  
An't like your Ladiship, I came by water,  
And neyther on Mares backe nor horse backe.

*Courtez.* No : no point parla Francoi?

*Hob.* No indeed Lady, my name is not *Francis*, your seruant  
and *John Hobson*.

*Courtez.* No point?

*Hob.* No points : yes indeed Lady, I haue points at my hose,  
though I goe vntrust.

*Courtez.* No point parla.

*Hob.* I haue no points in my parlour indeed, but I haue an hundred pounds worth in my shop.

*Intrat Ioh. cum alyis Fact.*

*John.* Tush, feare not lads, for he knowes none of you,  
Doe but buffe out a little broken French,  
And hee'll neuer take you to be Englishmen.

*Omn. Fact.* We'll second the other, but manage it.

*John.* Be patient I beseech you Gentlemen,  
Though you be Officers appointed here  
To search suspected places, as this is  
A most notorious filthy bawdy house,  
And carry all old rusty Fornicators  
About the age of fifty vnto prison;  
Yet know, this is an honest Gentleman.

*Hob.* A search, and 'tis a bawdy house; why *John*,  
Bones-a-me knaue, How comes this to passe?

*I. Fact.* Measur man a moy.

*Hob.* How, must you haue money of me? Ile know where-  
fore first by your leaues.

*John.* Nay Master, I would it were but a money matter,  
A Cage, or whipping post, or so 'tis worse,  
What, an old man to chide his prentise hence  
As if he had some priuate businesse,  
And then himselfe get close vnto his wench?  
Nay, whipping's all too good. Had you found me so,  
There had beene worke enough, there had beene newes



you know no body.

For *England*, and a whole twelue-moneths chiding  
Of my good Vncle. 2. *Fact*. Is you stre sau Amilt.

*Hob*. How, must I goe to prison for doing amisse?

*John*. To prison I may to whipping, I am sorry,  
And to my power I will intreat for you. Fie Master, fie.

*Hob*. Bones-a-me *John*, is not this a Lady.

*John*. No by my troth Master, such as be in the Garden-alleys,  
*Ioane*'s as good as this French Lady.

*Hob*. Is not this Gentlewoman a dealer?  
And hath she not a good commodity?

*John*. Yes by my faith sir, I confesse both.

*Hob*. Hath shee not ware?

*John*. She hath, and at a reasonable reckning.

*Hob*. And may not then a chapman deale with her?

*John*. Marry may you sir, & Ile send newes to your wife of your  
The cause of your comming to *France* shall be knowne (dealing  
And what second hand commodities you tooke vp  
Since your comming, my Mistris in *England* shall know  
What vtterance you haue for your small wares in *France*:  
Pen and inke, Ile set it downe in blacke and white.

*Hob*. Bones-a-me *John*, what *John*? why honest *John*?

*John*. Harty commendations—vnderstand—reuerend ma-  
ster *Hobson* found with a whore in *Roane*—place, a common  
bawdy house—must be whipt.

*Hob*. No more good *John*.

*John*. You haue had none yet,—whipt about the towne.

*Hob*. Sweet honest *John*, why bones-a-me knaue *John*.

*John*. In witnes wherof, al these honest gentlemen eye-witnesses  
haue set to their hands, nay my mistresse shall know't, that's flat:  
are there not wenches enow in *England*, but you must walke  
ouer sea in your slippers, and venture (being not shod) to come  
into *France* awenching, what an old man too! hee shall know  
what a slippery trick you would haue serued her in your slippers  
in *France*.

*Hob*. Nay bones-a-me *John*, friends, sweet *John*, all friends:  
I doe confesse t' hast ouer-reacht thy Master.

Camee, ca thee, conceale this from my wife,  
And Ile keepe all thy knauery from thine vncle.

*John*. Well sir, in hope of amendment I am content, and yet—

*Hob*.

*If you know not me,*

*Hob.* Nay bones-a-me, Ile take you at your word,  
Besides, I hope these honest Gentlemen  
Will fine my credit. *John.* He entreat for you.

*Hob.* Tis Logicke to me sir, I vnderstand you not.

*John.* Marry sir they say, if you will walke with them to their  
lodgings, for my sake they invite you to dinner.

*Hob.* Gra-mercy Gentlemen. gra-mercy *John*, but  
bones-a-me knaue, where are their lodgings?

*John.* Hard by, why doe you aske?

*Hob.* I hope they'le bring me to no more bawdy houses,  
I would not be taken napping againe for two and one:  
But Gentlemen Ile accept of your courtesie, and then *John*  
You shall with me to *England*, wee'll shew *France*  
Our backes. And you will needs deale for your selfe  
Afore your time, you shall do't in *England*.  
Will you walke Gentlemen?

*Cur.* Adieu Mounseur, and *Gresham* farewell too,  
No more of French, no more French craft shall doe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter sir Thomas Ramsie being Mayor, Sheriffe,  
Sword-bearer, &c.*

*Sir Tho.* Well said my masters, see all things be ready  
To giue her Majesty such entertainment,  
As may grace *London*, and become the state  
Her Highnesse brings along.  
VWhere's the Queene now?

*Sword.* She comes along the Strand from *Sommerfet* house,  
Through Temple-barre, downe Fleetstreet and the Cheape,  
The North side of the Burse to Bishops-gate,  
And dines at Master *Greshams*, and appoints  
To returne on the South-side through Corne-hill,  
And there when shee hath view'd the roomes aboue,  
And walkes below, shee'll giue name to the Burse.

*Sher.* The streets are fit, and all the Companies  
Plac'd in their liueries gainst her returne.  
But my Lord Mayor, shall these Ambassadors  
This day haue audience?

*Sir Tho.* Admittance if not audience was granted,  
See therefore Trumpets, and all kindes of Musicke



*you know no body.*

Bepac'd against her royall interview,  
The steps with a rare spread where she ascends,  
Besides, giue charge vnto the shop-keepers  
To make their best shewes in the vpper roomes,  
Because the Queene intends to compasse it.

*Sher.* Tis done my Lord.

*Trumpets a farre off.*

*Sir Tho.* The Queene hath din'd the trumpets sound already,  
And giuenote of her comming Bid the Waits  
And Hoboyes beready at an instant.

*Enter at one dore the Queene, Lecester, Sussex, Lords Gresham,  
At the other Cassimer, the French and Florentine Ambassadors.  
Sir Thomas Ramsie, &c.*

*Queen.* Laſter and *Sussex*, are those the Ambassadors?

*Leſt.* They are dread Soueraigne: hee that formost stands,  
The Emperours, the second is the French,  
The last is the Florentine. *Queen.* We will receiue them.

*Here the Queene intertaines the Ambassadors, and in their ſence  
rall languages confers with them.*

*Sussex* and *Leſter* place the Ambassadors,  
We at our Court of *Greenwich* will dilate  
Furthe of these designs. Where's *Gresham*?

*Gresh.* Your humble subiect and seruant.

*Queen.* Our leasure now serues to suruey your Burſe,  
A goodly frame, a rare proportion.

This City our great Chamber cannot shew vs,  
To adde vnto our fame a monument

Of greater beauty: *Lecester* what sayst thou?

*Leceſt.* That I my Soueraigne haue not seene the like.

*Queen.* *Sussex*, nor you?

*Enter Hobson.*

*Susſ.* Madam not I: This *Greshams* worke of stone,  
Will liue to him when I am dead and gone.

*Hob.* Heauen bleſſe thy Grace *Queene Beſſe.*

*Queen.* Friend, what are you?

*Hob.* Knowest thou not me *Queene*? then thou knowest  
Bones-a-me *Queene*, I am *Hobson*, old *Hobson*, (no body)  
By the Sockes, I am sure you know me.

H

*Queen*

*If you know not me,*

*Queen.* What is he *Lecester*, dost thou know this fellow?  
*Gresham* or you?

*Gresh.* May it please your Maiefty,  
He is a rich substantiall Citizen.

*Hob.* Bones-a-me woman, send to borrow money  
Of one you doe not know, there's a new tricke:  
Your Grace sent to me by a Purseuant,  
And by a priuy Seale, to lend your Highnesse  
An hundred pound; I hearing that my Queene  
Had need of money, and thinking you had knowne me,  
Would needs vpon the bearer force two hundred:  
The Queene should haue had three rather then faile,  
Tby this hand Queene *Besse*, I am old *Hobson*,  
A Haberdasher, and dwelling by the stockes:  
When thou see'st money with thy Grace is scant,  
For twice fise hundred pound thou shalt not want.

*Queen.* Vpon my bond.

*Hob.* No, no my Soueraigne,  
He take thine owne word without skrip or scrowle.

*Queen.* Thankes honest *Hobson*, as I am true maide,  
He see my selfe the money backe repayd:  
Thou without grudging lendest, thy purse is free,  
Honest as plaine.

*Suff.* A true well meaning man I warrant him.

*Gresh.* Your Maiefty promist to giue the name  
To my new Burse.

*Queen.* *Gresham* we will. A Herauld and a Trumpet.

*Lecest.* A Herauld and a Trumpet.

*Queen.* Proclaime through euery high street of this City,  
This place to be no longer cald a Burse,  
But since the building's stately, faire and strange,  
Be it for euer call'd the Royall Exchange. *A flourish here.*  
And whilst this voice flies through the streets forth-right,  
Arise Sir *Thomas Gresham* now a Knight.  
Be our Ambassadors conducted all  
Vnto their seuerall lodgings; this 23. of *Ianuary*,  
A thousand, fise hundred, and seuenty, *Elizabeth*  
Christens this famous worke: Now to our Court.



*you know no body.*

Of *Greenwich*: *Gresham*, thanks for our good cheare;  
Wee to our people, they to vs are deare.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nowel and Lady Ramsie.*

*La. Ram.* What thinke you of my husband, master Deane?

*Now.* As of all men, wee are mortall, made of clay,  
Now healthfull, now crasie; now sicke, now well;  
Now liue, now dead; and then to heauen or hell.

*La. Ram.* It cheares my heart, now in his deepe of sicknesse  
He is so charitable, and so well addicted  
Vnto the poores reliefe.

*Now.* It ioyes me too:

Great is the number of the rich in shew  
About the City, but of the charitable  
There are but few.

*La. Ram.* Amongst these I hold *Hobson* well deserues  
To be ranckt equal with the bountifullest:  
He hath rais'd many falling, but especially  
One master *Rowland*, once call'd *Tawny-coat*,  
But now an able Citizeu, late chosen  
A Master of the Hospitall.

*Now.* I know him well,  
A good sufficient man, and since he purchast  
His freedome in the City, Heauen hath blest  
His trauaile with increase.

*La. Ram.* I haue knowne old *Hobson*  
Sit with his neighbour *Gunter*, a good man,  
In Christs Church morne by morne, to watch poore couples  
That come there to be married, and to be  
Their common fathers, and giue them in the Church,  
And some few Angels for a dower to boot.  
Besides, they two are call'd the common Gossips  
To witnesse at the Fount for poore mens children:  
None they refuse that on their helpe doe call,  
And to speake truth, they'r bountifull to all.

*Enter Hobson.*

*Hob.* Good morrow master Doctor; my good Lady!  
Bones-a-me woman, thou look'st sad to day,  
Thou hast not drunke a cup of Sacke this morning.

*La. Ram.* We haue beene dealing of our charity

*If you know not me,*

This morning to poore Souldiers, such as want.

*Hob.* Heauens blessing of your heart, need must be fed,  
Let vs that haue it giue the hungry bread.

*Enter Rowland, alias Tawny-coat.*

*Taw.* Where's master *Hobson*?

*Hob.* My new elected master of the Hospitall,  
What hasty newes with you?

*Taw.* Oh sir, the loue I beare you makes me chary:  
Of your good name, your credit's deare to me:  
You neuer were condemn'd for any thing,  
Since I had first acquaintance with your name,  
As now you are; you haue done a deed this day,  
That hath from you tane all good thoughts away.

*Hob.* Where? bones-a-me why? speake, why?

*Taw.* This day you haue pursu'd the Law seuerely  
Against one *Timothy*, that stole from you  
A hundred pound, and he's condemn'd for it,  
And this day he must dye. *Hob.* Bones man, 'tis not so.

*Taw.* He is by this halfe way to Tyburne gone,  
The suit was followed in *John Greshams* name,  
How can you then auow you know it not?

*Hob.* A horse, a horse, cart-horse, mault-horse, any thing:  
To saue the knaues life, I protest, I sweare,  
This was the first time that I heard the knaue  
Hath beene in any trouble, bones-a-me,  
'Twas done without my knowledge.

*Taw.* Young *Gresham* in his name pursu'd his life.

*Hob.* They are knaues both, a horse,  
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man;  
A hundred shall not hang one by my meanes;  
Men are more worth then money *M. Rowland*,  
Come helpe me to a horse, the next I meet,  
To saue the knaues life gallops through the street.

*Ex. Hobson and Tawnicoat.*

*New.* Men are more worth then money, he sayes true,  
'Tis sayd by many, but maintain'd by few.

*Lady.* He is plaine and honest, how many great professors  
Line in this populous City, that make shew



*know you no body.*

Of greater zeale, yet will not pay so deare  
For a transgressors life : but few are found,  
To saue a man would lose a hundred pound. *Enter Tawnycoat.*

*Now.* So suddenly return'd ?

*Taw.* He rid too fast for me, he hath beene at buffets  
With a poore Collier, and vpon his horse,  
Is without saddle, bridle, bootes, or spurres,  
Gallopt towards *St. Giles.*

*Now.* They will take him for a mad man.

*Taw.* All's one to him, he does not stand on brauery  
So he may doe men good, good deeds excell:  
And though but homely done, may be done well.

*Lady.* Heauen prosper his intent : now *M. Doctor,*  
And *M. Rouland,* let me craue your companies,  
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you  
One of his Executors, and would vse your paines  
In these extreames of sicknesse.

*Now.* I am pleas'd,  
Ilegiue giue him phyicke for a soule diseas'd. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter three Lords.*

1. You are an early riser, my good Lord.

2. The blood of youth that trafficks in the Court  
Must not be sluggish : your kind remembrance. (traine

3. My very good Lord, we that are stars that waite vpon the  
Off such a *Cynthia* vnder which wee liue  
Must not be *tarde.*

1. You haue said true, we are starters in one houre.  
And our attendance is to waite on such a Queene,  
Whose vertue is vmatch't : but to leaue that  
Which euery tongue is glad to commune with,  
Since *Monsiers* first arriual in the Land,  
The time that he was here, and the time since,  
VVhat royalty hath beene in *Englands* Court,  
Both princely reuelling, and warlike sport.

2. Such sports doe fitly fit our Nation,  
That forraine eyes beholding what wee are,  
May rather seeke our peace then wish our warre.

3. Heauen bleffe our Soueraigne from her foes intent,

*If you know not me,*

The peace we haue is by her gouernment. *Enter Doctor Parry.*

1. M. Doctor Parry.

2. Good morrow M. Doctor.

3. You are an early riser sir.

*Doct.* My Lord, my Lord, my very good Lord.

1. This Summer morning makes vs couetous

To take the profit of the pleasant ayre.

*Doct.* 'Tis healthfull to be stirring in a morning.

2. It hath pleas'd the Queene to shew him many fauours.

3. You say but right, and since his last disgrace

The caule so great it had surely toucht his life,

Had not the Queene beene gracious. Hee seemes at Court

A man more gracious in our Soueraignes eye

Then greater subiects.

2. She hath giuen him much preferment,

In greatest place grac't him with consernance :

Ask't for him in his absence, and indeed

Made knowne to vs he is one in her regard.

3. But did you neuer heare the caule of his disgrace ?

2. He did intend the murther of a Gentleman,

One M. Hare here of the Inner Temple,

And so farre brought his purpose to effect,

That M. Hare being priuate in his chamber,

He watching a, he thought fit time, broke in vpon him:

But he waunted so, behau'd himselte,

That he did guard himselte, and attacht him.

From whence he was committed vnto Newgate,

And at the Sessions by twelue honest men,

Found guilty of Burglary, and condemn'd to dye :

And had dy'd, had her Grace not pardon'd him.

2. She is a gracious Princeesse vnto all,

Many she raiseth, wisheth none should fall.

1. Fie M. Doctor,

Your face beares not the habite it was wont,

And your discourse it alter'd, what's the matter ?

*Doct.* And if my brow be sad, or my face pale,  
They doe belye my heart, for I am merry.

1. Men being as you are, so great ingrace

With such a royall Princeesse, haue no reason.

*Enter a  
Gentleman.*

*Gen.*



*you know no body.*

*Gent.* Roome for my Lord high Steward.

*Enter the Earle of Lecester, and all the Lords flocke  
after him, & exeunt.*

*Manet Parry.*

*Doct.* The discontent's desire to be alone,  
My wishes are made vp, for they are gone.  
Here are no blabs but this, and this one clocke  
Ile keepe from going with a double locke:  
Yet will it strike, this day it must be done.  
What must be done? what must this engine doe?  
A deed of treason hath prepar'd me to.  
These two, these two, which they had life by her.  
And shall these two kill their deliuerer?  
The life that makes me rise? these once my sinne  
Had forfeited, her mercy pardon'd mee:  
I had beene eaten vp with wormes ere this,  
Had not her mercy giuen a life to this:  
And yet these hands if I performe my oath,  
Must kill that life that gaue a life to both.  
I haue tane the Sacrament to do't. conferr'd  
With Cardinall Cemo about it, and receiu'd  
Full absolution from his Holinesse,  
Beene satisfied by many holy fathers,  
During my trauels both in *France* and *Italy*,  
The deed is iust and meritorious,  
And yet I am troubled when I doe remember  
The excellency of her Maiesty,  
And I would faine desist, but that I know  
How many vowes of mine are gone to Heauen,  
My letters and my promises on earth,  
To holy fathers and graue Catholicks,  
Then in the Garden where this day she walkes,  
Her graces I will cast behind mine eyes,  
And by a subiects hand a Soueraigne dyes.

*Enter Gent.*

*Gent.* Cleare the way Gentlemen for the Queene.  
*Master Doctor Parry*

*Exit Gent.*

*Doct.* O let me see a difference in this man.  
Before this Queene (that I am come to kill)  
Shew'd me the gracious eye of her respect,

And

*If you know not me,*

And giue me countenance mongst greatest Earles,  
This man was forward to thrust me forth,  
Then now he is humble to accept in me.  
If then her Grace hath honor'd mee so much,  
How can this hand giue her a treacherous touch?  
The Trumpets, speake heauen, what shall I doe?  
Euen what hell and damn'd hart shall thrust me to.

*Enter Queene, Lester, and Lords.*

*Queen.* Faire day my Lords, you are all Larkes this morning.  
Vp with the Sunne, you are stirring earely.

*Lect.* Wee are all subiect to your Soueraignes light.

*Queen.* That you call duty we accept as loue,  
And we doe thanke you, nay we thanke you all:  
Tis not to one, but tis ingenerall.

*Lect.* The Queene would walke apart, forbearc my Lords.

*Doct.* Now, what makes me shake?  
Doe Angels guard her, or doth Heauen pertake  
Her refuge?

*Queen.* In such a garden may a Soueraigne  
Be taught her louing subiects to maintaine.  
Each Plant vnto his nature and his worth,  
Hauing full cherishing, it springeth forth.  
Weedes must bee weeded out, yet weeded so,  
Till they doe hurt, let them in Heauens name grow.

*Doct.* Now *Queene.*

*He offers to shoote.*

*Queen.* VWho's there, my kind friend M. Doctor Parry?

*Doctor.* My most dread Soueraigne.

*Queen.* Why doe you tremble M. Doctor? haue you any sure  
Shake not at vs, we doe our Subiects loue, (to vs?)  
Or does thy face shew signes of discontent

*turns* Through any heauy want oppresseth thee?  
*ee of-* Though at our Court of Greenwich thou wert crost  
*shoot,* In suing to be Master of Saint Katherines,  
*etur-* To doe thee good seeke out a better place,  
*ee* Shee'll giue thee that, the which hath giuen thee grace.

*James* *Doct.* I know your loue dread Queene: Now

*id.* *Queen.* M. Doctor, about the talke we had together,  
Of English Fugitiues that seeke my life:

YOU



*you know no body.*

You told mee of them I am beholding to you.

*Doct.* I did no more then duty : O happy time!

*Queen.* And will they still persist? doe they desire my bloud?  
That wake when I should sleepe to doe them good:

*Doct.* Madam.

*Queen.* O my maker! Parry, Villaine, Traitor,  
What doest thou with that Dagge?

*Doct.* Pardon dread Soueraigne.

*Queen.* Pardon thou villaine, that shewes thou art a Traytour,  
Treason my Lords, Treason. *Enter the Lords.*

*Left.* Ha, by the blest place of Heauen, treason and we so neere?  
A Traytour with a Dagge,  
Lords guard the Queene: are you not frightened Madam?  
He play the Sergcant to arrest the wretch.

*Queen.* Be not so rash good *Lecester*, hee's dead already,  
Strucke with remorse of that hee was to doe :  
Pray let me speake with him : Say M. Doctor,  
Wherein haue I deseru'd an ill of you,  
Vnlesse it were an ill in pardoning you.  
What haue I donne toward you to seeke my life,  
Vnlesse it were intaking you to grace.

*Doct.* Mercy dread Queene.

*Queen.* I thanke my Maker, I haue mercy to remit  
A greater sinne, if you repent for it. *Arise.*

*Lecest.* My Lords, what doe you meane, take hence that villaine,  
Let her alone, shee'll pardon him againe :  
Good Queene wee know you are too mercifull,  
To deale with Traitours of this monstrous kinde.  
Away with him to the Tower, then to death,  
A Traitours death, shall such a Traitour haue,  
That seekes his Soueraignes life that did him saue.

*Queen.* Good *Lecester*.

*Lecest.* Good Queene you must be rul'd.

*Enter Iacke Gresham.*

*John.* Nay *Iacke*, hold on thy resolution: they say, that  
may happen in one houre that happens not againe in 7. yeare,  
and I should chance to take her in the right vaine, and shee kindly  
bestow her selfe vpon me, why then there's a man made from  
I nothing

*If you know not me,*

nothing, for I haue spent all and am not worth any thing, and indeed vnlesse this same good old Lady *Ramsie* take some pittie vpon me and take me for better for worse, Heauen knowes in which of the two Counters I shall keepe my next Christmas in, but by this hand, if shee will accept of mee in this miserable estate that I am in now, for I haue neither money nor credit, as I am an honest man, and that's more I am afraide, then any man will be eue of me, i.e. forswear all woman but her, and will not kisse any of my neighbours wiuers for a kingdome. Here's the house, Ile knocke at the doore: what shall I doo't in the Caneleere humour, with whose within there Ho, or in the Puritan humour, with by your leaue good brother: faith in neither, for in the one, I shall be taken for a swaggering knaue, and in the other to be an hypocriticall foole: but honest *Jacke*, in thine owne honest humour, plain dealing's a Jewell, and I haue vs'd it so long I am next doore to a begger.

*Enter 2 Creditors.*

But what a plague makes these heere? these two are two of my Creditors, I must stoppe their mouths, flect them from hence, or all the fat's in the fire.

1. *M. Gresham*, you are well met.

*John*. I hope Gentlemen you will say so anon. So but you are alone, are you not?

2. *M. Gresham*, why doe you aske?

*John*. A man hath reason to aske, being as I am, that neuer seeth his Creditors, but is afeard of the Catch-pole. But you are kind my friends, and I thanke you, you will beare with me.

1. I but *M. Gresham*, a man may beare till his backe breake.

*John*. I, for ers may; but you that are substantiall honest Citizens, there is no feare to be made of your breaking, you know there's no man so low but Heauen can raise him; and though I am now out at heels, or so as you may thinke, I am in the way of preferment, & hope to be able to pay euery man within this hour.

1. We should be glad to see it.

2. But how pray Sir?

*John*. How? why very easily, If I can compassse it: The truth is, though you would little thinke it, I am suter for my L. *Ramsie*.

1. But I dare sweare she is no suter to you.

*Enter Lady Ramsie and D. Nowell.*

*John*. Why that's true too; for if she were a suter to me, we should



*you know no body.*

should be man and wife straight, & you shou'd haue your money within this halfe hour. But looke, looke where she comes: as you are good men, mum, patience, and pray for my proceedings: If I doe speede, as I am partly perswaded, you shall haue your own with the aduantage, if I should be crost, you know the worst, forbearance is no acquittance: but mum, if it proue a match and any of you should chance to be in the Counter, you know my marriage being spread, my word will be currant, then mum.

*Now.* Madam you are welcome to Lumber-streete.

*Lady.* I thanke your courtesie, good M. Deane.

*John.* Se how fortunatly all things chance, if it happen as I hope it will, she taking a liking to me, here is a Priest to marry vs presently, Madam. *Lady:* Would you any buisines with me sir?

*John.* Faith Lady necessary busines, & not to goe far about the bush, I am come to be a Suter vnto you, and you know the fashion of young men when they come a woing to ancient widowes the way to speede is to begin thus. *La.* You are very forward sir.

*Ioh* You wou'd say so Lady if you knew how forward I would be: but Madam you are rich, and by my Troth I am very poore, and I haue beene as a man should say starke naught: but hee goes farre that neuer turnes, and if now I haue a desire to mend and being in so good a way, you know how vncharitable it were in you to put me out of it, you may make an honest man of me, if it please you: and when thou hast made me one, by my Troth *Mal.* I'll keepe my selfe, for I am a Gentlemen both by the fathers side and mothers side and though I haue not the mucke of the world I haue a great deale of good Loue, and I prethee accept of it.

*Lady.* M. Deane,

Doe you know this Gentlemans businesse with me?

*Now.* Not I, beleeue me Madam.

*John.* I shall haue her sure. Why I'll tell you Sir, My Lady heere is a comely, ancient, rich, widow, and I am an honest, proper, poore young man, remembring still I am a Gentleman, now what good her riches may doe to my pouerty, your grauity may ghesse: saue a soule perhaps M. Deane; looke you sir, it is but giuing my hand into hers, and hers into mine. M. Deane, I protest shee hath my heart already, and with some three or four

*If you know not me,*

words which I know you haue by rote, make vs two, my Lady and I, one till death vs depart.

*Lady.* This Gentleman thinkes that to be a matter of nothing. But doe you loue me as you doe protest?

*John.* Loue you Madam, I loue you by this hand : I shall haue her sure ; friends, you see how the busine sse goes forward, bring me your billes to morrow morning, or vpon the hope that I haue you may leaue them with mee, I shall be able to discharge you ; Ha, ha, *Iacke.*

*Lady.* How will you maintaine me Sir, if I should marry you?

*John.* Maintaine, what needst thou aske that question? Foot thou hast maintenance enough for thee and I too, if I should marry you! Friends, you see how it goes now, to morrow within an houre after I am married, I must take the vpper hand of my Vncle, and the next Sunday I that was scarce worthy to sit in the Belferie, the Church-wardens fetch me, and seat me in the Chauncell.

*Lady.* M. Deane, I protest, neuer since I was widow, Did man make so much loue to me. Sir for your loue, I am much beholding to you.

*John.* Doe *Mall*, prethee doe not thinke it so. Be chosen one of the common Counsell, or one of the Masters of the Hospitall, so perhaps I shall neuer become it; marry if I should bee chosen one of the Masters of Bridewell, for some of my old acquaintance; fur, I would take it vpon me, vice must be corrected, vice must be corrected.

*La. Ram.* Fill mee a large cup full of Hippocras, And bring me hither 20.li. in gold.

*John.* And one of your husbands Liuey Gownes, so now you trouble your selfe too much, that gold is to contract vs withall: a simple morning; Friends you cannot beat mee downe with your bills. M. Deane of Poules; I pray you stay and dine with me, you shall not say me nay, the oftner you come, the more welcome.

*Now.* You are merry Sir.

(cause,

*John.* I thanke Heauen, and all the world may see I haue no other That I am likely to be so well bestowed.

*Lady.*



*you know no body.*

*Lady.* Sir, you shall not say the lea you shew'd to me,  
Was entertain'd but with kind curtesie :  
This for your lone, vnto your health I drinke.  
Pledge mee.

*John.* I by my Troth *Mall* will I, were it as deepe as a well.

*Lady.* Now for your paines there is twenty pound in gold,  
Nay, take the Cuppe to fir, thanks for your loue:  
And were my thoughts bent vnto marriage,  
I rather would with you that sceme thus wilde,  
Then one that hath work thoughts and seemes more mild.

*John.* Foote, will you not haue me then?

*Lady.* Yes, When I meane to marry any one,  
And that not whilst I liue.

*John.* See how a man may be deceiued : I thought I should  
haue beene sure by this time : well though I shall not haue you,  
I shall haue this with a goodwill.

*Lady.* With all my heart, and for the Loue you haue showne,  
wish it to thrine with you euen as mine owne.

1. To morrow shall wee attend your Worship.

2. Sir, here's my bill, it comes to twenty pound.

*John.* Friends, *Ploydens* Prouerbe, *The case is altered*: and by  
my troth I haue learn'd you a Lesson, *Forbearance is no Acquis-*  
*tance.* *Lady.* What men are these?

*John.* Faith Madam, men that haue my hand, though not for  
my honesty, yet for the money that I owe them.

*Lady.* VVhat doth he owe you? 1. Fifty pound Madam.

*Lady.* VVhat you? 2. A hundred Markes.

*Lady.* Ile pay you both : and fir to doe you good,  
To all your Creditors ile doe the like.

*John.* That said like a kinde wench,  
And though we neuer meet againe,  
VVe will haue one Busse more at parting.  
And now faith I haue all my wilde oates sowne,  
And if I can grow rich by the helpe of this,  
Ile say I rose by Lady *Ramsies* kisse.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus.*

From fifty eight, the first yeare of her Raigne,

*If you know not me,*

We come to eighty eight, and of her Raigne  
The thirtieth yeere : This Queene inaugurated,  
And stee glyplanted in her peoples heart,  
Was in her youth solicited in Marriage  
By many princely heires of Christendome,  
Especially by *Philip King of Spaine*,  
Her Sisters husband ; who to archiue his ends,  
Had got a dispensation from the Pope :  
But after many Treats and Embassies,  
Finding his hopes in her quite frustrated,  
Aimes all his stratagemz, plots and designs  
Bo h to the viter ruine of our Land,  
And our Religion : But th'vndaunted Queene  
Fearing no threats, but willing to strike first,  
Sets forth a Fleete of one and twenty sayle  
To the West Indies, vnder the Conduct  
Of *Frances Drake*, and *Christopher Carlake*,  
Who set on *Cap'de verg'* then *Hispaniola*,  
Setting on fire the Townes of *S. Anthony*  
And *S. Dominick* : The proud Spaniard  
Inraged at this Affront, sends forth a Fleet  
Thre whole yeeres in preparing, to subuert,  
Ruine, and quite depopulate this Land.  
Imagine you now see them vnder sayle,  
Swel'd vp with many a proud vaine-glorious boast,  
And newly entred in our English coast. *Exeunt.*

*Ent. r the Duke of Medina, Don Pedro, Iohn Martinus,  
Ricaldus, and osher Spaniards.*

*Med.* VVe are where we long wisht to be at last,  
And now this Elephants burden, our Armado,  
Thre yeeres an Embrion, is at length produc'd  
And brought into the world to liue at Sea,  
*Non sufficit orbis* : our proud Spanish Motto!  
By th'English mock't, and found at *Carthagen*,  
Shall it not now take force ?

Can England satisfie our Auarice,  
That worlds cannot suffice? what thinks *Don Pedro* ?

*Ped. Alphonsus, Peres, Guisman.*



*you know no body.*

Duke of *Medina* and *Sydonia*,  
And royall Generall of our great Armado,  
I thinke we come too strong, what's our designe  
Against a petty Iland gouern'd by a woman?  
I thinke in stead of military men,  
Garnish'd with Armes and martiall Discipline,  
She with a feminine Traire  
Of her bright Ladyes beautifull'st and best,  
Vill meete vs in their smocks, willing to pay  
Their Maiden-heads for Ransome

*Med.* Think'st thou so *Don Pedro*?

*Ped.* I therein am confident,  
And partly sorry that our King of *Spaine*  
Hath beene at charge of such a Magozine,  
VWhen halfe our men and Amunition  
Might haue beene spar'd.

*Med.* Thou put'st me now in minde  
Of the Grand Signior, who (some few yeeres since)  
VWhen as the great Ambassadour of *Spaine*  
Importun'd him for ayd against the Land  
Stil'd by the title of the *mayden Ile*,  
Calls for a Mapped: Now when the Ambassadour  
Had shew'd him th' *Indies*, all *America*,  
Some parts of *Asa*, and *Europa* too:  
Climes that tooke vp the greatest part oth' Card,  
And finding *England* but a spot of Earth,  
Or a few Acres; if at all compar'd  
To our so large and spacious Prouinces,  
Denyes him ayd, as much against his honour  
To fight with such a Centuple of oddes,  
But gaue him this aduice: Were I (sayd he)  
As your great King of *Spaine*, out of my Kingdome's,  
I'de presse, or hire so many Pyoners,  
As with their Spades and Mattocks should digge vp  
This wart of Earth, and cast it in the Sea,  
And well methought he spake.

*Ped.* Wee haue shewne our selues,  
But are as yet vnfought with.

*If you know not me,*

*Med.* All their hearts,  
Are dead within'em, wee I feare shall finde  
Their Seas vnguarded, and their shoares vnman'd,  
And conquer without battaile.

*Ricaldus.* All their honours  
And offices we haue dispos'd already :  
There's not a noble Family in Spaine,  
In Naples, Portugal, nay Italy,  
That hath not in our Fleete some eminent person  
To share in this rich booty.

*Med.* *Iohn Martinus*, *Ricaldus*, you our prime Navigator,  
Since fam'd *Columbus*, or great *Mageline*,  
Giue vs a brieve relation of the strength  
And potency of this our great Armado,  
Christned by th' Pope, the Nauy invincible.

*Rical.* Twelue mighty Gallions of *Portugale*,  
Fourteene great Ships of *Biskey of Castile*,  
Eleuen tall Ships of *Andelofia*,  
Sixteene Gallions, fourteene of *Guipuscoa*,  
Ten Sayle that runne by th' name oth' *Easterne fleete*.  
The ships of *Urcas*, *Zaibras*, *Naples-gallies*,  
Great Galliaffes, Fly-boates, Pinnaces,  
Amounting to the number of an hundred  
And thirty t'ght, tall sayle : The most of them  
Seeming like Castles built vpon the Sea.

*Med.* And what can all their Barges, Cock-boats, Oares,  
Small Vessels, (better to be said to creepe  
Then sayle vpon the Ocean) doe'gainst these ?  
They are o'recome already.

*Ricald.* All their burdens,  
Fifty seuen thousand, eight hundred sixty eight Tunne  
In them nineteene thousand, two hundred ninety fise Souldiers,  
Two thousand, eight hundred and eighty Gally-flaues.  
Eight thousand, six hundred and fifty Mariners,  
Two thousand, six hundred and thirty peece of Ord'nance,  
Culuerin and Cannon.

*Med.* Halfe these would suffice,  
Nor haue we neede of such surplussage,



you know no body.

Against their petty fly-boats,

*Enter a Spaniard.*

*Span.* We haue discouer'd

Riding along the Coasts of *France* and *Dunkerke*

An English Navy.

*Med.* Of what strength, what force?

*Span.* Their number small, yet daring as it seemes,  
Their ships are but low built, yet swift of Saile,  
Whether their purpose be to fight I know not,  
They beare vp brauely with vs.

*Ped.* Cast our Fleet

Into a wide, and Semi-circled Moone:  
And if we can but once incompasse them,  
Wee'll make the Sea their Graues: And themselues Food  
For the Sea-worme call'd *Haddock*.

*Med.* Lets saile on

Towards the *Thames* mouth, and there disburden vs  
Of our land Souldiers,

And if the Prince of *Parma* keepe his appointment,

Who (with a Thousand able men at Armes,

Old Souldiers, and of most approued discipline)

Lies garisond at *Dunkerke*; We at once

Will swallow vp their Nation, and our word

Be from hence forth *Victoria*.

*Omnes Victoria, Victoria.*

*Exeunt.*

*Med.* Had we no other forces in our Fleete

Nor men, nor Armes, nor Amunition

Powder, nor Ord'nance, but our empty bottomes,

Ballast with the *Popes* blessing, and our Nauy

Christned by him the *Nauy Inuincible*,

We had innough: VVhat's more's vnecessary

Nor thinke we threaten *England* all in vaine

'Tis ours and we heere Christen it *New Spaine*.

*Sir Anthony  
Browne.*

*D Omnes. Victoria, Victoria.*

*rum and Collers. Enter the Earle of Lecester, the Earle*

*of Hunsdon bearing the Standard, Queene Elizabeth*

*Compleately arm'd, and Souldiers.*

*Queen.* A stand, from *London* thus far haue wee marched,  
Heere pitch our Tents: How doe you call this place?

K

*Lecester.*

*If you know not me,*

*Lecest.* The Towne you see to whom these Downes belong,  
Giues them to name the plaines of *Tilbery*,

*Queen.* Bethis then stil d our Campe at *Tilbery*,  
And the first place we haue bin scene in Armes.  
Or thus acconutred heere wee fixe our foot,  
Not to stir backe, were we sure heere t' incounter  
With all the Spanish vengeance threatned vs,  
Came it in Fire and Thunder, Know my Subiects  
Your Queene hath now put on a Masculine spirit,  
To tell the bold and daring what they are,  
Or what they ought to be: And such as faint,  
Teach them by my example Fortitude.  
Nor let the best proou'd fouldier heere disdain  
A woeman should conduct an hoast of men  
To their disgrace or want of president.

Haue you not read of braue *Zenobia* *Legions*

Aneasterne Queene, who fac'd the Romaine  
Euen in their pride, and height of potency,  
And in the field incountred personally.

*Aurelianus Casar* Thinck in me  
Her spirit suruiues, Queene of this western Ile,  
To make the scorn'd name of *Elizabeth*,  
As frightfull and as terrible to *Spain*  
As was *Zenobias* to the state of *Rome*.

Oh I could wish them landed, and in view  
To bid them instant battaileere march farther  
Into my Land, this is my vow, my rest,  
Ile paue their way with this my virgin brest.

*Left.* But (Madam) ere that day come  
There will be many a bloudy nose, I and crack'd crowne,  
Wee shall make worke for Surgeons.

*Queen.* I hop, so Leister for you *Sir Anthony Browne*,  
Thought your Religion and recusancy  
Might in these dangerous and suspicious times,  
Haue drawne your loyalty into suspence,  
Yet haue you heere in amply clear'd your selfe,  
By bringing vs 500 men well arm'd, and your own selfe in person.

*Sir Antho.* Not onely those, but all that I enioy



*you know no body.*

Are at your highnes seruice.

*Queen.* Now Lord *Hunsdon*,  
The Lord Lieutenant of our force by land,  
Vnder our Generall *Lester*, what thinkest thou  
Of their Armado, christned by the *Pope*  
The *Nauy Inuincible*?

*Hunsf.* That ther's a power aboue both them and vs,  
That can their proud and haughty Menaces  
conuert to their owne ruins.

*Queen.* Thinckelt thou so *Hounsdon*?  
No doubt it will: Let me better suruay my Campe. *Florisb*  
Some Wine there,-- a health to all my Souldiers *Trumpets.*  
Me thinks I doe not see mongst all my Troupes,  
One with a Courtiers face--- but all looke souldier like -  
Whence came this sound of shot? *A peale of shot*

*Left.* It seemes the *Nauy*, *within.*  
Stil'd by the *Pope* the *Nauy Inuincible*, riding along the coast of  
discouer'd first by Captaine *Thomas Fleming* (*France & Dunkerke*),  
Is met and fought with by your Admirall.

*Queen.* Heauen prosper their defence,  
Oh had God made vs manlike like our mind,  
Weed not be heerefenc'd in a murre of armes,  
But ha'bin present at these Sea alarimes.

*Horne.* *Enter I Post.*  
Make way there, what's the newes?

*I Post.* Heauen blesse your Maiesty,  
Your royall Fleet bids battaile to the Spaniard,  
Whose number with aduantage of the wind  
Gaines them great odds: But the vndaunted worth  
And well knowne valour of your Admirall,  
*Sir Frances Drake*, and *Martine Furbisher*,  
*Iohn Hawkins*, and your other English Captaines  
Takes not away all hope of Victory.

*Queen.* Canst thou describe the manner of the fight?  
And where the royall Nauies first incountred?

*Post.* From *Douer-Cleefe* we might discerne them ioyned,  
Twixt that and *Callice*: There the fight begunne.  
*Sir Frances Drake*, Vice-Admirall was first,

*If you know not me,*

Gave an on-set to this great Armado of *Spaine*,  
The manner thus, with twenty five sayle,  
Those ships of no great burden, yet well man'd;  
For in that dreadfull conflict few or none  
Of your ships royall came within the sight.  
This *Drake* (May) whose memory shall live  
While this great world he compass first, shall last,  
Gave order that his Squadrons, one by one  
Should follow him some distance, steares his course,  
But none to shoote till he himselfe gave fire:  
Forward he steard as farre before the rest,  
As a good Musket can well beare at twice.  
And as a Spy comes to survey their Fleete,  
Which seem'd like a huge City built on the Sea.  
They shot, and shot, and emptied their broad sides  
At his poore single Vessell, he sayles on,  
Yet all this while no fire was seene from him:  
The rest behind (longing for action)  
Thought he had beene turn'd Coward, that had done  
All this for their more safety: He now finding  
Most of their present fury spent at him,  
Fires a whole Tyre at once, and having emptied  
A full broad side, the rest came vp to him:  
And did the like vndaunted: scarce the last  
Had past by them, but *Drake* had clear'd the Sea:  
For ere th'vnweildy Vessels could be stir'd,  
Or their late emptied Ord'nance charg'd again,  
He takes advantage both of Winde and Tyde,  
And the same course he tooke in his progresse,  
Doth in his backe returne keepe the same order,  
Scouring along as if he would besiege them  
With a new wall of fire: In all his Squadrons  
Leaving no Charge that was not brauely man'd,  
Insomuch, that blood as visibly was seene  
To powre out of their port-holes in such manner,  
As after showers, ith' Citty spouts spill raine.  
And thus *Drake* bad them welcome: what after happen'd  
Such a huge cloud of smoake environ'd vs,



*you know no body.*

We could not well discover.

*Queen.* There's for thy speed,  
And *England* ne're want such a *Drake* at neede.

*Enter the second Post.*

Th'art welcome, what canst thou relate

Touching this nauall Confl &?

*2. Post.* Since *Drakes* first on-set, and our fleete retyr'd,  
The Spanish Nauy being lirck't and chain'd  
Like a halfe Moone, or to a ful-bent Bow  
Attend aduantage; where amongst the rest  
Sir *Martine Furbusher* blind'ed with smoake,  
By chance is fallen into the midst of them,  
Still fighting 'gainst extremitie of oddes,  
Where he with all his gallant followers  
Are folded in Deaths armes.

*Qu.* If he suruiue he shalbe nobly ransom'd, if he be dead,  
Yet he shall liue in immortality.

How fares our Admirall?

*2. Post.* Brauely directs,  
And with much Iudgement: *England* neuer bred  
Men that a Sea-fight better mananged.

*Qu.* It cheeres my blood—and if so Heauen be pleas'd  
For some neglected duty in our selfe,  
To punish with losse of these braue spirits, his will be done;  
Yet will wee pray for them: What sayes valiant *Lester*?  
Thou wilt not leaue vs, wilt thou? look'st thou pale?  
What sayes old *Hunsdon*? nay Ile speake thy part,  
Thy hand old Lord, I'me sure I haue thy heart.

*Hunsd.* Both hand and heart.

*Enter the third Poste.*

*Qu.* Before thou speak'st, take that: If he be dead,  
Our selfe will see his funerall honoured.

*3. Poste.* I then proceede thus: when the great Gallianes,  
And Galliaffes had inuiron'd them,  
The vndaunted *Furbusher* though round beset,  
Cheer'd vp his Souldiers, and well man'd his fights,  
And standing bare-head brauely on the Decke,  
When murdering shot, as thicke as *Aprils* hayle  
Swoong by his eares: He wau'd his warlike Sword.

## *If you know not me,*

Firing at once his Tyres on either side  
With such a fury, that he brake their Chaines,  
Shattred their Decks, and made their stoutest Ships  
Like drunkards reele, and tumble side to side:  
Thus in Warres spight, and all the Spaniards scoffe  
He brought both Ship and Souldiers brauely off.

*Qu.* VVarres spight indeed, and we to doe him right,  
VVill call the ship he fought in, *The warres spight.*

Now Countiey-men, shall our spirits here on Land  
Come short of theirs so much admir'd at Sea?

*A march  
within.*

If there be any here that harbour feare,

VVe giue them liberty to leaue the Campe,  
And thanke them for their absence.

A March, lead on, wee'll meete the worst can fall,

A mayden Queene is now your Generall.

*As they march about the Stage, Sir Frances Drake and Sir  
Martine Furbusher meete them with Spanish Ensignes  
in their hands, and Drum & Colours before them.*

*Qu.* VVhat meanes those Spanish Ensignes in the hands  
Of English subiects?

*Drake.* Gracious Queene,

They shew that Spaniards liues are in the hands  
Of Englands Soueraigne.

*Qu.* Englands! God be praised:

Eut prethee *Drake* (for well I know thy name)

Nor will I be vnmindfull of thy worth,

Briefly rehearse the danger of the Battaille,

Till *Furbusher* was rescued we haue heard.

*Drake.* VVe then retyr'd, and after counsell call'd,

VVe stufte eight empty Hoyes with pitch and oyle,

And all th'ingredients aptest to take fire,

And sent them where their proud Armado lay.

The Spaniard now at Anchor, thought we had come

For parley, and so rode secure: but when

They beheld them flame like to so many

Brighr Bon-fires,

Making their Fleet an *Atna* like themselues,

*They*



*you know no body.*

They cut their Cables, let their Anchors sinke,  
Burying at once more wealth within the Sea,  
Then th' *Indies* can in many yeeres restore.  
Now t'leir high built, and laige capacious bottomes  
Being by this meanes, vnaccommodated,  
Like to so many rough vnbridled Steeds  
Command themselves, or rather are commanded;  
And hurried where, th'inconstant windes shall please,  
Some fell on Quick-sands, others brake on shelues:  
*Medina* their great Grand and Generall,  
VVe left vnto the mercy of the Sea,  
*Don Pedro* their high Admirall, we tooke  
VVith many Knights and Noble-men of *Spaine*,  
VWho are by this time landed at *St. Margrets*,  
From whence your Admirall brings them vp by Land,  
And at *St. James* his, meanes to greet your Grace.

*Qu.* Next vnder heauen your vallours haue the praise,  
But prethee *Drake* giue vs a brieue relation of those ships  
That in this expedition were imploy'd  
Against the Spanish forces?

*Drake.* The *Elizabeth*, *Ionas*, *Triumph*, the *White Beare*,  
The *mer Honora*, and the *Victory*;  
*Arch Rauligh*, *Du Repulse*, *Garland*, *Warres spight*,  
The *Mary*, *Rose*, the *Bonauenture*, *Hope*,  
The *Lyon*, *Raine-bow*, *Vanguard*, *Non pereil*,  
*Dread-nought*, *Defiance*, *Swift-sure*, *Anti'ach*,  
The *Whale*, the *Scout*, *Achates*, the *Reuenge*.

*Qu.* *Drake* no more.  
VWhere e're this Nauy shall hereafter sayle,  
O may it with no lesse successe preuayle:  
Dismiss our Campe, and tread a Royall march  
Toward *St. James*, where in martiall order  
VWe'll meete and parley our Lord Admirall.  
As for those Ensignes, let them be safely kept;  
And giue commandment to the Deane of *Pauls*,  
He not forget in his next learned Sermon  
To celebrate this Conquest at *Pauls* Crosse,  
And to the Audience in our name declare

If you know not me,

Our thanks to Heauen in vniuersall prayer,  
For though our Enemies be ouerthrowne,  
'Tis by the hand of Heauen, and not our owne:

*Call.* One found a Call: Now louing Countrey-men,  
And fellow souldiers merited thanks to all,  
We here dismisse you, and dissolue our Campe.

*Omnes.* Long liue, long raigne our Queene Elizabeth.

*Quee.* Thanks Generall, thanks,  
Towards London march wee to a peacefull Throne,  
We with no warres, yet wee must guard our owne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

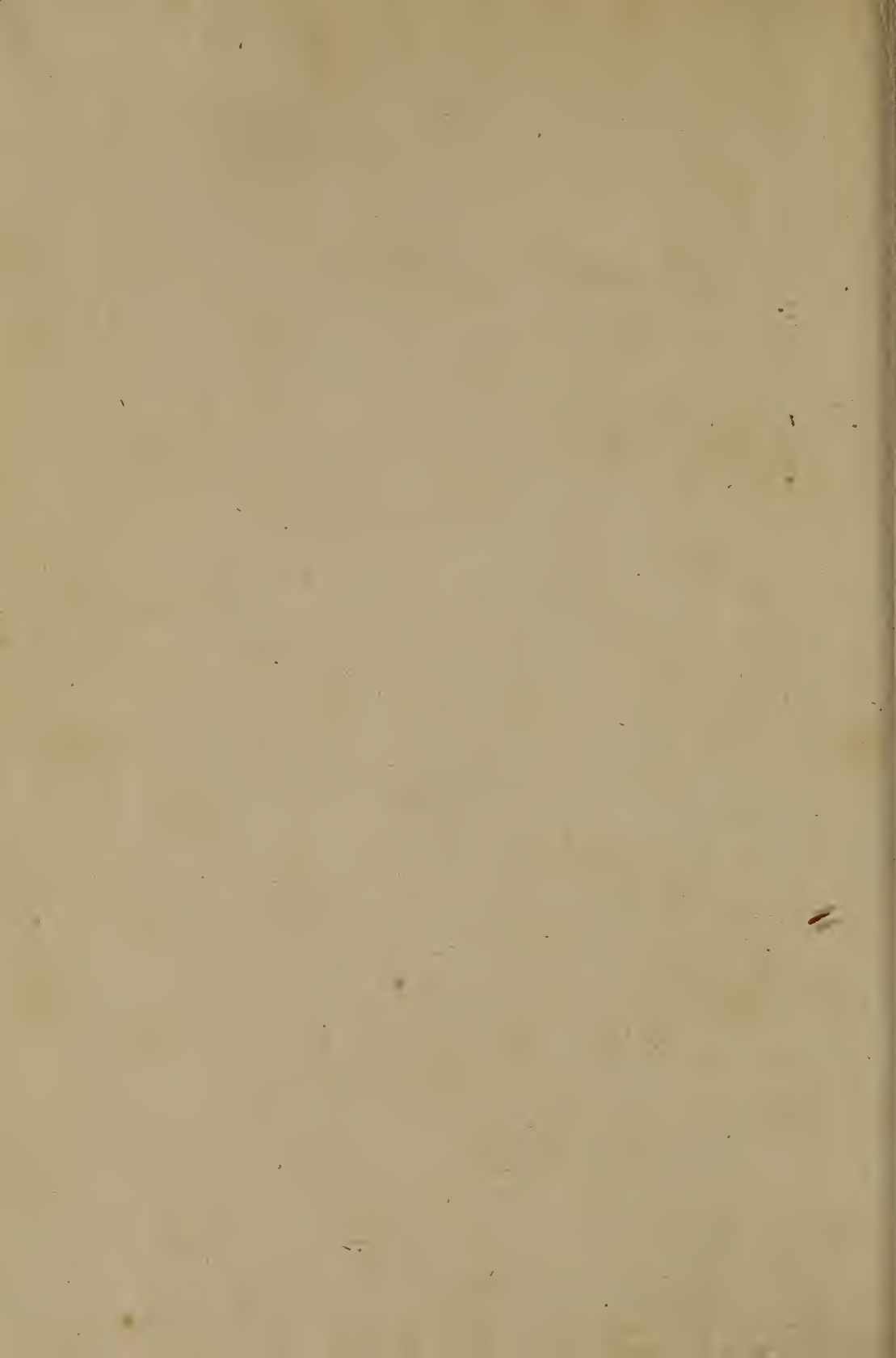
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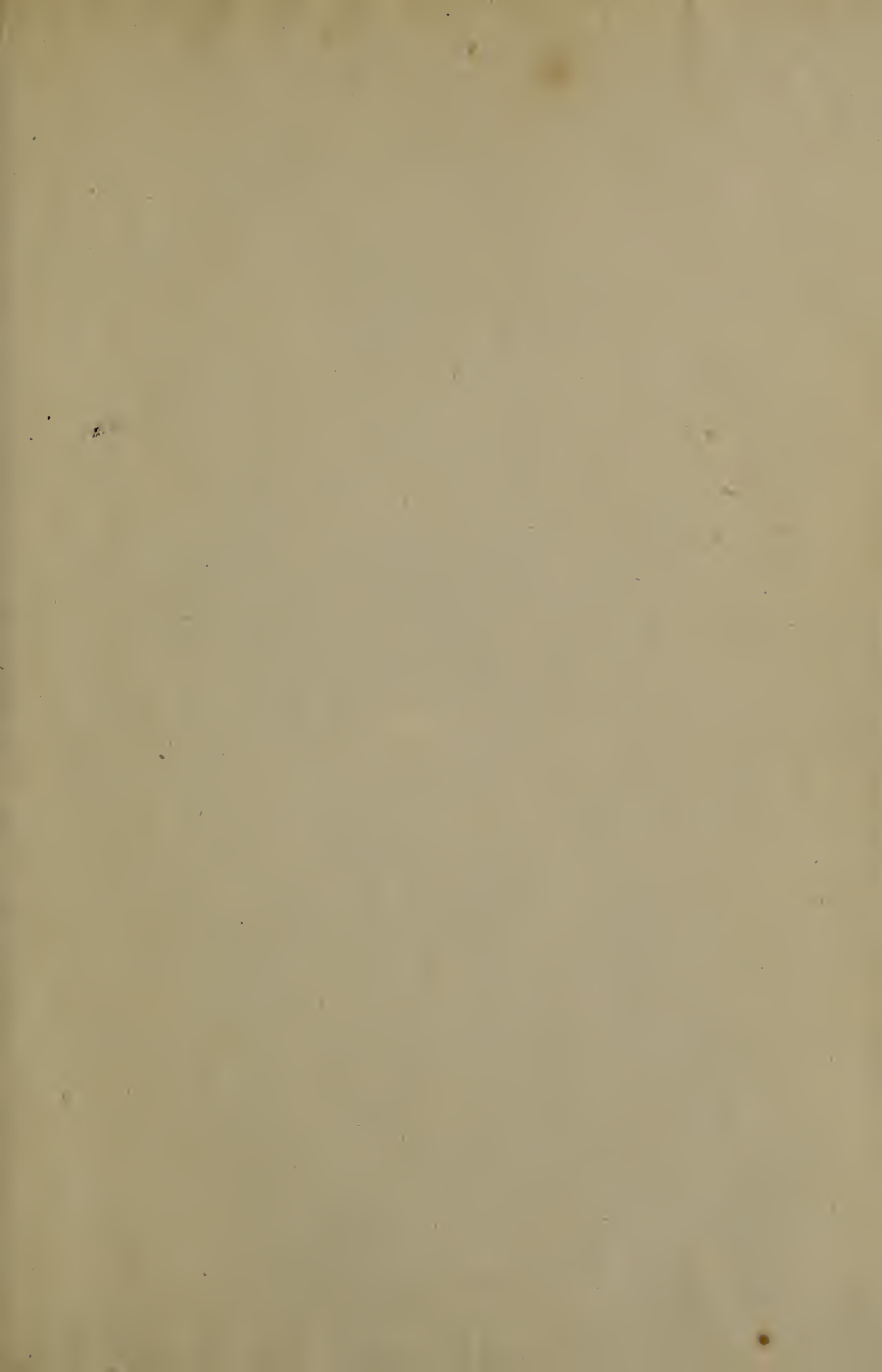
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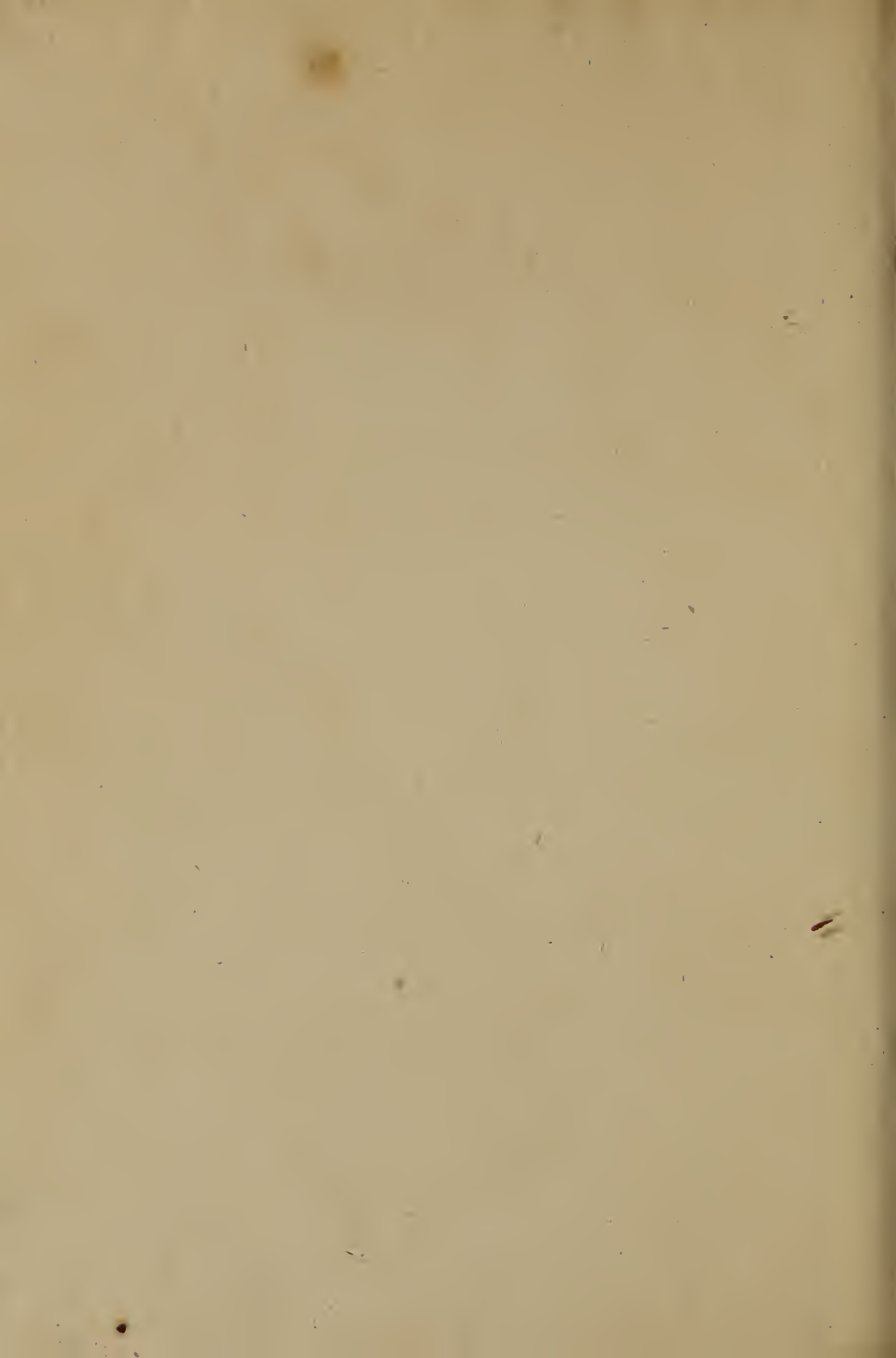














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marginal notes much cut

